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VOLUME XXIII

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NUMBER 2

PROVERBS AND PROVERBIAL PHRASES IN THE PLAYS OF THOMAS MIDDLETON

by Archer Taylor

THE JACOBEOAN AND CAROLINE dramatist Thomas Middleton (c. 1570-1627) is the author of a number of plays known chiefly as romantic and realistic comedies of London life. His treatment is sympathetic and at times inclined to idealization. Although his style is simple and colloquial, he uses rather few proverbs, fewer than might be expected in the light of his subject-matter and style. Nor does he often choose unusual proverbs. I note as instances of sayings that do not seem to be in record: *They say I am of the right hair*; *The hen may pick the meat while the cocks prate*; *They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well, Must needs love a widow well*; and *Because they say brown men are honestest*. A few occur in unusual forms like *See how she simpers it, as if marmelade Would not melt in her mouth!*

I have limited annotation to the fewest possible reference works, preferring M. P. Tilley, *A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Ann Arbor, 1950) to all others. The citation of Tilley does not however necessarily imply that he has noted the instance in Middleton. In addition to Tilley, I have used John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley, *Slang and Its Analogues* (7 v., [London], 1891-1904); *A New English Dictionary* (13 vols and Suppl., Oxford, Eng. 1884-1928); T. H. Svartengren, *Intensifying Similes in English* (Lund, 1918); Archer Taylor, *Proverbial Comparisons and Similes from California*, Folklore Studies 3 (Berkeley, Cal., 1954); and Archer Taylor and Bartlett Jere Whiting, *A Dictionary of American Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases, 1820-1880* (Cambridge, Mass., 1958). I have used the edition of Middleton's plays edited by A. H. Bullen (8 vols., London, 1885-1886).

Aboveboard. play fair but yet aboveboard. *Family of Love*, III, i (I, 50). Tilley D128.

- Abram-colored. A goodly . . . Abram-coloured beard. *Blurt* II ii (p. 32).
- Ambassador. the cuckoo, the Welsh ambassador. *A Trick* IV v (p. 341). Tilley A233.
- Ass. asses have ears as well as pitchers. *Old Law* III i (p. 170). Tilley P363 (pitchers).
- Ape. . . or else my minion shall lead apes in hell. *Family of Love* III ii (p. 56). Tilley M37.
- Bag. The White House hath given us the bag. *A Game at Chess* V iii (p. 132). Tilley B32.
- Baker's dozen. And may you not have one a'clock in to th' dozen, mother? No. Your spirits are, then, more unconscionable than bakers. *Witch* I ii (p. 370). Farmer and Henley I 104-105; NED Baker 6; Stevenson 116: 5.
- Beauchamp. every man well hors'd like a bold Beacham. *A Mad World* V ii (p. 346). Tilley B162 (Beauchamp).
- Bear. Is he still wild? As is a Russian bear. *Roaring Girl* III iii (p. 81). Cf. Svartengren pp. 104, 110 (Orson).
- Beard. great beards, but little wit. *Family of Love* I iii (p. 22). Tilley H245 (head).
- Because. besides, I have a woman's reason, I will not dance, because I will not dance. *Blurt* I i (p. 13). Tilley B179.
- Beginning. Everything has beginning. *Mayor of Queenborough* IV iii (p. 85). Tilley B257.
- Behind. See Proud.
- Better. See Sooner.
- Black, 1. as perfect 39 as can be found in black and white. *Old Law* III i (p. 170). Tilley B439.
2. See Eye.
- Blind. See Stone.
- Bo. I could ever say bo to a goose. *A Chaste Maid* I i (p. 9). Tilley B481.
- Bolt. I'll quickly make a bolt or a shaft on't. *A Trick* II i (p. 282). Tilley S264.
- Breeches. the breeches of the gown. Very proper, for she wears the doublet at home. *Your Five Gallants* I i (p. 127). Tilley B645.
- Brisk. See Tailor.
- Bush. To go no further about the bush, sir, now the bird is caught. *Anything* IV ii (p. 312). Confess to me, and go not about the bush. *Family of Love* IV iii (p. 80). Tilley B742.

- Button. O Soto, I make buttons! *Spanish Gipsy* IV iii (p. 206). Tilley A381.
- Certain. See Fate.
- Chaff. Love light as chaff. *Family of Love* I ii (p. 16). Svartengren 298.
- Charity. as cold as the forefather's charity in the son. *No Wit* IV ii (p. 395). Tilley C249.
- Cheap. See Dog.
- Child, 1. as innocent . . . as the child new-born. *Family of Love* V iii (p. 115). Taylor *Comparisons* 51.
2. as if I knew you not then as well as the child knows his own father! *Family of Love* V iii (p. 113). Cf. Tilley C309 (it is a wise child that knows his own father).
3. See Window.
- Coast. The coast is clear. *Family of Love* III i (p. 48); *No Art* II iii (p. 346). Tilley C469.
- Cock. cock-sure. *Mayor of Queenborough* III iii (p. 61). NED
Cock-sure.
- Cold. See Charity, Kindness.
- Color. Fear no colours! *No Wit*, Epilogue (p. 426); they fear no colours. *Family of Love* V i (p. 96). Tilley C520.
- Comb. Barber, be silent, I will cut thy comb else. *Mayor of Queenborough* III iii (p. 63); I'll cut her comb for you. *Roaring Girl* I i (p. 29). Tilley C526.
- Cuckoo. See Ambassador.
- Cut. Come cut and long tail. *No Wit* II i (p. 327). Tilley C938.
- Dagger. at daggers drawing. *Mayor of Queenborough* III iii (p. 58). Tilley D9.
- Dark. See Death, 1.
- Death, 1. as dark as death. *Women Beware Women* IV I (p. 336). Taylor and Whiting *Death* (5).
2. As sure as death. *Changeling* V iii (p. 107). Svartengren 355; Tilley D136.
- Debt. See Promise.
- Denier. Give him his fee again, 'tis [the advice] not worth two deniers. *Old Law* I i (p. 129).
- Destiny. See Marriage.
- Devil. What's got over the devil's back (that's by knavery) must be spent under his belly (that's by lechery). *Michaelmas Term* IV i (pp. 299-300). Tilley D316.

- William Dickens. No more is got by that than William Dickens Got by his wooden dishes. *Old Law* V i (p. 241).
- Dog, 1. dog-cheap. *Family of Love* II i (p. 31). Taylor and Whiting Dog (9).
2. if I chance to die like a dog. *Mayor of Queenborough* I iii (p. 33). Tilley D509.
3. My wife will hang me, that's my currish destiny. *Mayor of Queenborough* I iii (p. 19). Tilley D508.
4. See Ear, 2.
- Dozen. See Baker's dozen.
- Drunkard. as fearless as a drunkard. *Mayor of Queenborough* I iii (p. 37). Svartengren 113.
- Dumb. See Salt-pillar.
- Dutch widow (i. e., whore). a Dutch widow. *A Trick* III iii (p. 300), IV v (p. 340), V ii (p. 348). Farmer and Henley III 349.
- Ear, 1. in at one ear and out at t'other. *Family of Love* III iii (p. 62). Tilley E12.
2. he set the dogs together by th' ears. *A Trick* I iv (p. 264). Tilley E23.
- Elbow. I am sure they're both out at th' elbows. *Mayor of Queenborough* V i (p. 97). Tilley E102.
- Excel. See Strive.
- Everyone. Every one to their liking. *Old Law* II ii (p. 162). Tilley M101 (Every man as he loves [likes]).
- Eye. and no man say black's mine eye. *Blurt* I ii (p. 19). Tilley E252
- Fate. as fate is certain. *Spanish Gipsy* V ii (p. 222). Cf. Svartengren 355 (sure), Taylor and Whiting Fate 1 (certain); Tilley F81 (sure, firm).
- Favor. Tanner, thou hast curried favor. *Mayor of Queenborough* III iii (p. 61). NED Curry v. 6.
- Fish. Fifth day, neither fish nor flesh. No, nor good red herring. *No Wit* III i (p. 367). Tilley F319.
- Flat, 1. that's flat. *Family of Love* I ii (p. 20), IV iii (p. 80). Tilley F345.
2. See Pancake.
- Flea. I will send him hence with a flea in's ear. *Blurt* II ii (p. 47). Tilley F354.
- Flint. See Heart, 1.
- Foot-post. as hungry as a tired foot-post. *Witch* II ii (p. 391). Svartengren 180.

Foremost. he that goes the foremost may Be overtaken. *A Fair Quarrel* I i (p. 165).

Gale. It was a happy gale that blew him hither. *Michaelmas Term*, Induction (p. 216). Tilley W441 (wind).

Gold. All is not gold that glistereth in bed. *A Fair Quarrel* V i (p. 270). Tilley A146.

2. You broken no gold between you? *Widow* II i (p. 153), i.e., made no pledge of constancy.

Greek. Nay, nay, nay, 'tis Greek to me, 'tis Greek to me. *Blurt* III iii (p. 61). Tilley G439.

Hair, 1. Books in women's hands are as much against the hair . . . as . . . *Mayor of Queenborough* III ii (p. 49); You go against the hair there. *Widow* II ii (p. 161), against the hair. *No Wit* I i (p. 297). Tilley H18.

2. I will make your hair grow thorough. *Anything* IV iii (p. 317).

3. we'll be in fashion to a hair. *A New World* III iii (p. 313). Tilley H26.

4. They say I am of the right hair. *Family of Love* V i (p. 98).

Hare. hare-mad. *A Chaste Maid* III ii (p. 63). Svartengren 40-42; Tilley H48.

Hawk. The fifth day, 'twixt hawk and buzzard. *No Wit* I i (p. 295). Tilley H223.

Head, 1. Lord, how much better are two heads than one to make one large head. *Family of Love* V i (p. 95). Tilley H281.

2. over head and ears. *No Wit* III i (p. 367). Tilley H268.

3. set the hare's head to the goose-giblet. *A Trick* IV iv (p. 330). Tilley H161.

Heart, 1. a heart of flint. *Blurt* I i (p. 12). Cf. Tilley H311.

2. a stony heart. *Blurt* III i (p. 55). Cf. Tilley H311.

Hector. and resolute as Hector. *Blurt* I i (p. 11).

Hen. The hen may pick the meat while the cocks prate. *No Wit* II i (p. 338).

Here. Alas, you are here to-day, and gone to sea to-morrow. *Old Law* V i (p. 239). Tilley T368.

High. See Paul's.

Hook. Either by hook or crook. *More Dissemblers* I iv (p. 400). Tilley H588.

Horse. They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well, Must needs love a widow well. *Old Law* II ii (p. 159).

- Hose. 'Tis in my t'other hose. *Family of Love* III ii (p. 54); But in my t'other hose. *Blurt* II ii (p. 45). Tilley H723.
- Hungry. See Foot-post.
- Ice. 'Tis yet questionable, for I have not broke the ice to her. *Anything* I i (p. 255). Tilley 13.
- Inch, 1. Give her not an inch, master, she'll take two ells if you do. *Anything* II ii (p. 270). Tilley 149.
2. See Square.
- Innocent. See Child, 1.
- Ivory. teeth more white Than is the new fall'n snow or shining ivory. *Family of Love* IV ii (p. 78). Tilley I109.
- Ivy. there needs no ivy where the wine is good. *Family of Love* III ii (p. 54).
- Jeronimo. go by, old Jeronimo. *Blurt* IV i (p. 72).
- Ka. ka me, ka thee. *More Dissemblers* I iv (p. 397). Tilley K1.
- Kent. The time when Kent stands out of Kirsendom. *Mayor of Queenborough* V i (p. 90). Tilley K16.
- Kindness. News as cold to the heart as an old man's kindness. *Phoenix* I vi (p. 135).
- Lapwing. Has [He has] the lapwing's cunning, . . . that cries most when she's farthest from the nest. *Old Law* IV ii (p. 210). Tilley L68.
- Lavender. those hose are in lavender. *Family of Love* III ii (p. 54), i.e., are in pawn. Tilley L96.
- Lead. I've too much lead at mine [heels]. *Blurt* I i (p. 13). Tilley L136.
- Leaf. I'll cross the book, and turn over a new leaf with you. *No Wit* II iii (p. 351); I will turn over a new leaf, and hang up the page. *Anything* V ii (p. 334). Tilley L146.
- Life. my old proverb, Anything for a quiet life. *Anything* I i (p. 257), I i (p. 249), I will do anything for a quiet life. *Anything* V ii (p. 347). Tilley L244.
- Liking. See Everyone.
- Like. See Mouth.
- Live. as true as I live. *Family of Love* V iii (p. 113). Cf. Tilley L374 (sure).
- Loud. See Thunder.
- Louse. I will not give a louse for thy fortunes. *A Trick* III iv (p. 308). Cf. Tilley L472 (not worth).

Lupus. Lupus in fabula, here he comes. *Family of Love* V iii (p. 103). Tilley W607.

Mad. See Hare.

Man, 1. A black man's a pearl in a fair lady's eye. *Your Five Gallants* V i (p. 237). Tilley M79.

2. Because they say brown men are honestest. *Mayor of Queenborough* IV ii (p. 73).

3. A man is never too old to learn. *Mayor of Queenborough* V i (p. 104). Tilley L153.

Marmalade. See how she simpers it, as if marmelade Would not melt in her mouth! *Women Beware Women* III ii (p. 310). Tilley B774 (butter).

Marriage. Marriage and hanging goes by destiny. *A Chaste Maid* III iii (p. 67). Tilley M682 (Marriage is destiny), W232 (Wedding and hanging go by destiny).

Master. See Trim tram.

Mile. I'd walk ten mile a'foot to see that. *A Trick* V i (p. 343). Taylor and Whiting. Mile 2.

Millstone. I cannot peep through a millstone. *Women Beware Women* IV ii (p. 350). Tilley M965.

Minute. Goodness may come from me in a minute, that comes not in seven year again. *A Trick* II i (p. 274). Cf. Tilley H741, Y25.

Money. You money was soon parted. *Women Beware Women* I ii (p. 246). Tilley F452. The text is corrupt.

Morning. as malevolent unto you as a red morning, that doth still foretell a foul day to follow. *Anything* IV i (p. 305). Tilley M1175.

Mortar. A cousin of mine in Rome, I'll go to him with a mortar. *Spanish Gipsy* II ii (p. 154).

Mountain. He that ascends first to a mountain's top Must begin at the foot. *Mayor of Queenborough* III iii (p. 55).

Mouth. 1. 2d Gossip. As like the father. 3d Gos. As if you were out of his mouth! *A Chaste Maid* II ii (p. 53); As if you were spit out on's mouth. *Family of Love* III ii (p. 52). Tilley M1246.

2. See Marmalade.

Mute. See Statue.

Nail. pay money down upo' th' nail. *Michaelmas Term* III iii (p. 254). Tilley N18.

Name. The name does often prove the better man. *Phoenix* I ii (p. 114).

Needle. tongue, ten times more sharp than a needle. *Family of Love* I ii (p. 15). Tilley N95.

Nimble. See Pegasus.

Nose. No, no, no, dear features, hold their noses to the grindstone, and they're gone. *Blurt* III iii (p. 66). Tilley N218.

O. The O P Q of courtship. *Family of Love* V i (p. 98).

Oar. I should have an oar in her boat too by right. *Family of Love* V i (p. 96). Tilley O4.

Old. See Man, 3.

One. If one will not, another will. *Family of Love* I ii (p. 16). Tilley O62.

Owl. I sit like an owl in the ivy-bush of a tavern. *Spanish Gipsy* IV iii (p. 201). Tilley O96.

Pack-staff. As plain as a pack-staff. *Family of Love* V iii (p. 102). Tilley P322.

Pancake. rain Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes. *Roaring Girl* II i (p. 37). Tilley P39.

Pauca. Pauca sapienti. *Family of Love* V iii (p. 107). Tilley W798.

Paul's. And all [mountains] as high as Paul's. *A Chaste Maid* I i (p. 12). Svartengren 284.

Pegasus. as nimble as Pegasus the flying horse yonder. *Phoenix* III i (p. 167). Cf. Svartengren 165 (was ever Pegasus a sow in a cage . . .?).

Pepper. Take your pepper in the nose, you mar our sport. *Spanish Gipsy* IV iii (p. 199). Tilley P231.

Pie. Here's a cold pie to breakfast! *No Wit* I iii (p. 311).

Pitch. But will you pitch and pay . . .? *Blurt* I ii (p. 22). Tilley P360.

Pitcher. See Ass.

Plain. See Pack-staff.

Plate. [He] pitches plate over the bar (i.e., is dissolute). *Spanish Gipsy* IV iii (p. 200).

Post. Oh how have I been toss'd from post to pillar . . .! *Family of Love* V iii (p. 108). Tilley P328.

Promise. and are not promises debts, sir? *A Trick* IV i (p. 330). Tilley P 603.

Proud. There comes as proud behind as goes before. *A Chaste Maid* II iv (p. 48). Tilley C536.

Puppies. as blind as puppies. *Anything* IV iii (p. 317).

Pure. See Silkworm.

Quick. See Thunder.

Rat. Nay, then I smell a rat. *Family of Love* IV ii (p. 76); I smell a rat, I strike it dead. *Blurt* IV i (p. 71). Tilley R31.

- Reason. besides, I have a woman's reason, I will not dance, because I will not dance. *Blurt* I i (p. 13). Tilley B179.
- Resolute. See Hector.
- Riddance. a good riddance. *Family of Love* I i (p. 13).
- Roast. but to rule the roast is the matter. *Blurt* III iii (p. 62). Tilley R144.
- Salt-pillar. As dumb as the salt-pillar. *More Dissemblers* V ii (p. 474).
- Sand. though my almanac leave me in the sands (suds?). *No Wit* I i (p. 296). Tilley S953 (suds).
- Satan. Satan is most busy where he finds one like himself. *Blurt* I ii (p. 21).
- Shaft. See Bolt.
- Sharp. See Needle.
- Shoe. Many a good waiting-woman that's now o'er shoes. *More Dissemblers* V i (p. 469). NED Shoe 2e.
- Short. Both short and sweet some say is best. *Spanish Gipsy* IV iii (p. 199); be sweet and short. *Women Beware Women* III iii (p. 325); You'll say 'tis short, we'll say 'tis sweet. *A Mad World* V ii (p. 346). Tilley S396.
- Silkworm. a skin more pure and soft Than is the silk-worm's bed. *Family of Love* IV ii (p. 78). Tilley S449 (soft as silk).
- Sin. besides, you know a deadly sin will live in a narrow hole. *Mayor of Queenborough* III iii (p. 62).
- Six. he that follows lechery Leaves all at six and seven. *Widow* II ii (p. 157). Tilley A208.
- Snow. teeth more white Than new fall'n snow. *Family of Love* IV ii (p. 78). Tilley S591.
- Snuff. My sounce takes this in snuff. *Bluff* IV iii (p. 77). Tilley S598.
- Sooner. The sooner the better. *A Trick* III i (p. 298). Tilley S641.
- Square. an hour or two Never breaks square in love. *Widow* II ii (p. 166). Cf. Tilley I54 (An inche breaks no square).
- Statue. Mute as a statue. *Challenging* III iii (p. 57). Svartengren Tilley S834.
- Stone. stone blind. *Family of Love* IV iii (p. 84). Svartengren 177; (as blind as a stone), Taylor and Whiting Stone 2 (stone blind).
- Storm. No violent storm lasts ever. *Mayor of Queenborough* I ii (p. 19).
- Story. Ancient stories have been best. *Mayor of Queenborough* I i (p. 6).

- Strive. He that ne'er strives, says wit, shall ne'er excel. *A Trick* III iii (p. 305).
- Suds. See Sand.
- Sure. See Cock, Death.
- Swan. She plays the swan, And sings herself to death. *A Chaste Maid* V ii (p. 104). Tilley S1028.
- Tailor. Brisk as a capering tailor. *Blurt* IV iii (p. 75). Cf. Svartengren 156 (pert).
- Talker. No, no, these great talkers are never great doers. *Blurt* I i (p. 7). Tilley T64.
- Ten Pence. Give me a valiant Turk, though not worth tenpence. *A Fair Quarrel* III i (p. 208).
- Thunder. As loud and quick as thunder. *Spanish Gipsy* IV iii (p. 202). Svartengren 391 (loud), Taylor and Whiting Thunder (8) (quick)
- Toad. To make his pride swell like a toad with dew. *Michaelmas Term* I i (p. 226). Tilley T362.
- Travel. He travels best that knows when to return. *Phoenix* IV ii (p. 191).
- Trim tram, 1. My name is Trim tram, for sooth; look, what my master does, I use to do the like. *A Fair Quarrel* II ii (p. 199). Tilley T525.
2. Trim tram, hang master, hang man. *Spanish Gipsy* IV iii p. 202).
- Troilus. and as valiant as Troilus. *Blurt* I i (p. 11).
- True. See Turtle.
- Turtle. 'tis true as turtle. *Widow* I i (p. 127). Tilley T624.
- Valiant. See Troilus.
- Vine. Yet young vines yield most wine. *Family of Love* I i (p. 11). Tilley V62.
- Virgin. virgins should be seen more than they're heard. *More Dissemblers* III i (p. 416). Cf. Tilley M45 (maidens).
- Water, 1. As long as the water runs under London Bridge or watermen [ply] at Westminster stairs. *A Fair Quarrel* II ii (p. 204).
2. I meant to have been merry and now it is my luck to weep water and oatmeal. *Mayor of Queenborough* V i (p. 104).
- Way, 1. more ways to the wood than one. *Family of Love* III iv (p. 62). Tilley W179.
2. I knew then there was no way but one with him (i.e., he would die). *Phoenix* I vi (p. 132). Tilley W148.

- Weak. Well, the weak must to the wall. *Family of Love* V iii (p. 109). Tilley W185.
- Wealth. And whilst one toils, another gets the wealth. *More Dissemblers* III ii (p. 433).
- Well. See Child 2.
- White. See Ivory, Snow.
- Widow. See Dutch widow.
- Wife. a wife brings but two good days that is, her wedding day, and deathday. *Family of Love* I ii (p. 14). Greek Anthology XI 381; Tilley W 382.
- Wild. See Bear.
- Wildgoose chase. The rarest wildgoose chase! *Spanish Gipsy* I v (p. 131). Tilley W390.
- Willynilly. wille nille. *A Trick* I ii (p. 257). Tilley W401.
- Window. a child that came in at the window. *Family of Love* IV iii (p. 83), V iii (p. 115). Tilley W456.
- Wise. A little too wise, a little too wise to live long. *Phoenix* I i (p. 106).
- Wit's ends. I'm at my wit's ends. *No Wit* I i (p. 283). Tilley W575.
- Wit. *No Wit (Help) Like a Woman's* (title). Cf. Tilley W 568.
- Woman. And, according to that wise saying of you [women], be saints in church, angels in the street, and apes in your bed. *Blurt* III iii (p. 66). Tilley W702.
- Wonder. Thou wilt wonder at it four-and-twenty years longer than nine days. *Anything* I i (p. 263). Tilley W728.
- Wolf. See Lupus.
- Woodcock. Woodcck, you are are of our side now. *Blurt* IV iii (p. 78). Cf. Tilley V748. Word, 1. but there's two words to a bargain ever. *Widow* V i (p. 228). Tilley W827.
2. I'll make you eat your word. *Witch* II ii (p. 393). Tilley W825.
- Worm, 1. Why, tread upon a worm, they say 'twill turn tail. *Roaring Girl* II i (p. 42). Tilley W909.
2. if trod upon, a worm Will turn again. *Spanish Gipsy* V i (p. 216).
- Worst. Since the worst comes to the worst. *Michaelmas Term* III iv (p. 288). Tilley W911.

THE TALE IS THE THING

by Tristram P. Coffin

LOGICAL CONSISTENCY of time, sequence, detail, and motive has become a fetish in the literary expression of our society. Novelists, dramatists, movie and TV script men have become so conscientious about these matters that almost all of them are willing to sacrifice pace to make sure no critic will accuse them of a logical inconsistency or a failure to tie up a loose end. The result is a body of self-conscious, over-disciplined expression in which the main purpose of narrative (telling a story) gets lost. Nor is the weakness confined to the poorer writers. It is as common in the Henry James novel where the relationships of character and action are so involved the book becomes a magnificent technical exercise, as it is in the musical show which forgets its central appeal of glamor and song to make tediously sure that boy meets, loses, and gets girl. It is evident in the elaborate symbolisms and narrative patterns of Hemingway, Joyce, and Faulkner, in the feverish accuracy of the historical movie or the Book-of-the-Month Club novel, even in the stage sets and costuming of the Broadway play. One is reminded of the centipede who was asked which leg he used when.

The best works of the best writers succeed in spite of all this, just as Alexander Pope wrote successfully under the handicaps imposed by 18th Century culture. Nevertheless, I suspect our literature is reflecting a foolish by-product of our recent technological advances. Primitive stories do not concern themselves with scientific, logical accuracy. A typical Indian tale could stagger the modern critic who took it seriously.

The Theft of Fire¹

Many people lived around here, but they had no fire. They had only a heated stone. I don't know how they heated it, but there was no fire. The people were always hunting rabbits. Coyote was on the edge of the hunter's line. He saw the ashes of a fire coming from somewhere and dropping to the ground. He yelled to the others, and they came, gathering round in a circle to watch. While watching they said, "Some of us shall go up into the air and find out where it comes from." Eagle said, "Let me try first to see whether I can get high enough to see." He

¹Quoted from Robert H. Lowie, "Shoshonean Tales," *JAF*, XXXVII (1924), 117-119, No. 8.

went up and out of sight, but returned without having seen it. A Chickenhawk set out next, but he did not go out of sight. Woodpecker also did not get very far, they were able to see him. All the birds tried, but none could go far enough. Only fish was left. They said, "You have no wings; how are you going to go up?" — "Let me try for fun whether or not I can fly." He started up. He went out of sight, and when he returned he said: "Not very far from here are flames of fire, by Nöwa' 'ant (a snow-topped peak near Las Vegas). Coyote said, "Let us go and get it, that is not far." All started, Coyote leading, and Woodpecker, Chickenhawk, Bluejay, Roadrunner, Jackrabbit, and others following. They went toward the place where fire had been seen and made firedrills to take along so as to deceive the fire-owners and prevent them from guessing what their visitors were seeking.

When they arrived Coyote made a speech: "We have merely come for fun to gamble and play with you." The hosts gave all the animals the kind of food they were used to eat, to each bird a different kind of seed, to the Crested Jay good hard pinenuts. To Coyote they gave cedar berries. After they had eaten, they began to play at nau'pa 'ó. They made three piles of dirt and hid something in one of the piles. If the guesser hit the right pile with a stone, he won the game. All night they played. The hosts said, "These people have not come to gamble, they have come to steal our fire." Coyote replied, "No, we have fire ourselves," and showed them their firedrills. Towards morning Coyote had some cedarbark tied to his hair and let it stick out. When he tied it on, all were watching him circle around. "We know what they have come for," they said. At daylight Coyote bent over the fire, then the bark caught fire and he jumped away over the crowd and ran off followed by his people. Before very long the Crested Jay was caught and killed by the pursuers. One after another carried the fire. When they reached the Colorado River, all the rest were tired and Roadrunner, said, "Let me carry the fire." He put it on each side of his head. Then he tore his feet in different ways so that they could not see the direction he had taken and made lots of sand. The pursuers tracked him, some backwards, others forwards, and did not know which way to go. He arrived in the Shivwits country. They tracked him. He built a big fire on the top of Sana'pi mountain. Looking up, the pursuers saw the big fire. Then they went back.

In the evening Coyote's people saw clouds. It was going to rain. Coyote carried together plenty of wood. His people went into a cave for shelter. After dark it rained. They built a big fire, but the water put it out. They saved one charcoal, and in the morning they told Jackrabbit to hold it. He took it into the rain. Coyote bade him not let it go out or he would shoot him. But Jackrabbit kept it under his tail and saved it. The rain ceased, then Jackrabbit brought the coal back and it was still alive. Everything was wet, however, and they could not find any tinder. Rat said, "I have a dry nest to make fire with." He gave it to them and they had a big fire. Coyote said to his followers: "Let us give heat and fire to all the trees and shrubs and to

all the rocks." So he gave fire to everyone of them so they should burn thereafter. Then he dried his bow and arrows, and called Rat to come by imitating his noise. When Rat came, Coyote shot and killed him, and roasted him in the fire. After that he killed Jackrabbit, skinned him, and made a blanket of the skin. He killed nearly all of those with him and ate them. "Hereafter people shall do thus," he said.

It becomes obvious at once that statements in this tale that trouble the modern mind are of no concern to the Indian teller at all. The people have no fire, but they are able to heat stones. (Even the narrator, undoubtedly influenced by white education, is disturbed over this point.) The animals see fire and recognize it, although they have never known it. Fish flies even though he has no wings and doesn't know if he can. The fire is not far off, but none of the birds are able to spot it. The animals make firedrills in anticipation of an incredibly astute question they must answer, although they have never had fire. The hosts realize that Coyote and the rest have come to steal fire, although they have no reason in the world for such suspicions. They also watch Coyote's whole deceit aware of what he is going to do, but without attempting to prevent his doing it. Nor is Coyote grateful for his friend's aid; he kills nearly all of them. (Admittedly, these killings are related to ritualism and missing portions of the myth.) However, the real point with this tale is that it is functioning a-logically or on a completely different logical system from the one we are used to using. The important thing seems to be *what happened*. The teller knows what happened, and the actors are made to know that what happened *must* come to pass. The conclusion is, thus, inevitable; so events that *are to be* in the narrative are referred to as *actually being*. Everything—logic, time sequence, etc.—is subordinated to the tale itself. That is what the folk focus on, often to the exclusion of what we hold dear. The result is good stories, lacking perhaps in characterization, but certainly not in precision and pace.

This way of handling a tale bothers the 20th Century reader, but it is not unknown to him. Older literature, produced when the writers were closer to the folk, shows similar characteristics. Aeschylus allows Agamemnon to arrive in Greece only a few uninterrupted minutes after the beacons have flashed the news of Troy's fall. Seneca's Thyestes tells his children of his fears for them should they return to Atreus' kingdom, but he turns them over to their doom just the same. Shakespeare puts a clock in Julius Caesar's Rome.

Today, the only haven for such inconsistencies is the little non-

sense literature we have, where concern with "proper technique" can by definition be excused. The following advertisement cartoon by Al Capp for Wildroot Cream-oil Hair Tonic² uses essentially the same technique as "The Theft of Fire" tale. The script, minus the appropriate drawings, proceeds as below:

Panel 1:

Sexy Girl: Help! I'm being kidnapped by a fire-hydrant!!

Police Chief: That's silly!! Nobody's ever been kidnapped by a fire hydrant!!

Fearless Fosdick: Wait, Chief!! That's no hydrant!! That's "Anyface" Master of 1000 Disguises!!

Panel 2:

Police Chief: That hydrant's got a g-gun!!—Save me, Fosdick!! —Remember!! —I'm your b-beloved chief!!

Fosdick: I'll try to save the girl, too —if you don't mind, sir!!

Panel 3:

Fosdick: Chuckle!!—I cleverly absorbed all his bullets in my body!! Drop that girl, Anyface!! —I'm going to run you in!!

Panel 4 (in which the hydrant squirts Fosdick's hair):

Anyface: Haw!! —You can't!! —This water will dry out your hair, and you'll look a mess!! —The boys at the police station will laugh at you!!

Panel 5:

Fosdick: Gulp!! —So they will!! —I just can't run you in with my hair looking like this!! Oh, what will I do.

Girl: Get Wildroot Cream-oil, Charlie!!

Panel 6:

Fosdick: That would be illegal!! —My name is Fosdick!!

Girl: No matter what your name is, Wildroot Cream-oil relieves dryness!! —Keeps hair neat, but not —ugh!!— greasy!!

Panel 7:

Fosdick: Well, bless my well-groomed head!! Wildroot Cream-oil did the trick!! —And, now —Anyface—I'm going to lock you up!!

Girl: Lock me up, Fosdick— in your arms!! —I just love men who use —sigh-h!!— Wildroot Cream-oil!!

The obvious absurdities of the situation are utilized for humor here, but the narrative method is quite similar to the one put to serious use in "The Theft of Fire" tale. The action is illogical. The plot, such as it is, hinges on a preposterous fact. The police chief needs no

²Printed, among other places in *Life*, March 1, 1954.

convincing that the hydrant is really a man. Fosdick's body, full of holes in one panel, has absorbed the bullets in another. Fosdick regards his name as a legal barrier to use of the hair-tonic. For us, the spontaneous nature of these episodes would be permissible only for nonsense. (W. S. Gilbert, for example, successfully hangs the plot of *Patience* on the fact that Bunthorne threatens Grosvenor with a curse).

Dosen't this indicate we have lost sight of an essential point? We accept conventions in order to have art—and to sacrifice a convention as useful as logical inconsistency and scientific inaccuracy may well emasculate our writing in the long run. The freedom of movement, the sharpness of contrast, the speed that we permit in nonsense literature or observe in the folk literature we seldom take seriously could be so useful to the serious writer—if only he were permitted to use them. These qualities are the qualities of the best tales, and for a writer to have to sacrifice them, even in commercial literature, is for that writer to have to sacrifice what he is really about. The tale is the thing. The folk know this, if nothing else.

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AUTOGRAPH ALBUM CUSTOMS IN AUSTRALIA¹

by
Dorothy Howard

AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN in 1954-1955, in the upper elementary grades, were keeping autograph albums which, in format, are much like those of children in the United States—little rectangular books ranging in size from three by five inches to four by eight; with pastel pages of pink, green, yellow, blue and violet (sometimes edged in gold or gilt with covers of cardboard, cloth or imitation leather). They were sold in neighborhood shops that sold marbles, comic books, tops and jacks (called "Knucklebones"); and were usually bought by aunts, uncles, mummies or daddies as Christmas or birthday presents for lads and lasses, so I was told on many occasions.

Reports indicated that once the album became juvenile property, it would usually be passed around the family circle for admonitory inscriptions after which it would disappear from the grown-up world and become private property stowed away in some hiding place. From time to time the little book (lineal descendent of the *alba amicorum* of fifteenth and sixteenth century German university students) would be brought forth for inscriptions and drawing sessions with the owners' peers. Some scribes illustrated or decorated their pages with colored pencils, crayons or water colors.

The presence of autograph albums in school desks was frowned upon or forbidden by school masters and mistresses, I found. On occasion the master or mistress would grant permission for the books to be brought to school just for a day. The children told me, however, that albums often circulated surreptitiously in classrooms and on school play yards.

The album custom has, for some years, begun with academic life,

¹This is an abbreviated report on one section of a field collection and study of Australian children's traditional play life. Some three hundred album rhymes and formulae were collected in the six Australian states. I regret that space here does not allow discussion of American and English parallels; of the relationship of this material to history and literature; of analysis of social protocol among juvenile album scribes; nor of examination of the subject matter and inherent sentiments in the verses. All that must come later in a book.

In choosing what to include (but mostly, what to omit) I have chosen to report on the rhymes rather than analysis, thinking that this kind of report will be more useful to other collectors for comparative purposes.

I learned from Adults and children. As soon as a little girl started to school and learned to write her name, she would ask Father Christmas for an album. Occasionally I found boys who owned albums; but signatures showed that boys participated in album writing more than in album owning.

Old albums stowed away in trunks for many years, cherished and handed down to present-day children, indicate that the album tradition doubtless came to Australia from the British Isles; and of the group of inscriptions on which this report is based, some seventy-five to eighty per cent have been recorded (in some versions) in some part of the United States. What sea lanes the verses followed, which direction and when are questions not answered.

Verses and formulae in this collection came from the following sources: twenty-four albums; conversations with children in Melbourne, Perth, Indooroopilly (Queensland), Cameray (New South Wales), Corromandel Valley (country community, South Australia), and Scottsdale (a small village near the northeastern shore, Tasmania); and written reports from school mistresses in Queensland and Western Australia.²

The favorite autograph album line (by count) in all Australia was the descendent of Edmund's Spenser's lofty line, "Roses red, and violets blue" (*The Faerie Queen*). His words have attained an anonymous immortality, of doubtful dignity to be sure, coupled with lines expressing earthy rather than romantic sentiments. The quatrain found in every album read:

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Honey (or sugar or peaches) is sweet
And so are you.

Other versions carried varying third lines: Somebody is lovely; Daisies are white; Lemons are sour; Coconuts are hairy; Onions stink. Still other versions varied the third and fourth lines: You've got a face/ That belongs in the zoo; Lend me a fiver/ And I'll love you. Still further departures (after the first line) read: Shamrocks are green? My face is funny/ But yours is a scream; The sea is deep/ A young man's heart/ Is hard to keep.

²Credit and appreciation for much of the information in this report go to: Miss Heather Giffin, Miss Milligen, Miss Jaguers, Miss Lyttle, Miss Warham and to hundreds of charming Australian lads and lasses who lent me their albums or talked with me about them.

Advice on life, love, marriage, friendship and behavior was found in some fifty verses. Either in romantic or in realistic or ribald mood, the advice could be verbose or telegraphically abbreviated:

Love all
Trust few
Always paddle
Your own canoe. (Melbourne. Dated 1911, 1916, and 1954)

Similar verses read: Life is short/ Death will come/ Go it Judith/ While you're young. (Melbourne, 1954). Life is mostly froth and bubble/ Two things stand like stone/ Kindness in another's trouble/ Courage in your own. (Melbourne, 1923 and 1954).

Most formulae on courting advised caution in love-making:

Never make love in a field
Because potatoes have eyes
Horses carry tails
Onions repeat
And corn has ears. (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954)

Another ran: Don't kiss your boy friend/ Over the garden gate/ Love is blind/ But the neighbors ain't. (Melbourne, 1954).

Proposals of marriage and commentary on the results of courting were found in many verses:

A ring is round
And so is a shilling
When you are ready
I am willing. (Melbourne, 1911)

Similar jingles ran: Two in an auto/ Two little kisses/ Two weeks later/ Mr. and Mrs. (Perth, 1955); Be good, dear lad/ Let those who will be naughty/ If you're a flirt at nine years old/ What will you be at forty? (Melbourne, 1908 and 1954).

One rhyme giving advice on married life was reported from Perth, Melbourne and Brisbane, 1954-1955:

When you get married
And your husband gets cross
Just pick up the rolling pin
and say I'm boss.

Also known in the three places was: When you get married/ And have twins/ Don't come to me/ For safety pins.

Rhymes of advice on friendship began thus: Remember well and bear in mind/ That a good true friend is hard to find/ . . . (Mel-

bourne, 1911 and 1954); Don't be hasty in asking for advice/ Before you know that friendship is the price/ . . . (Melbourne, 1911); Make new friends/ But keep the old/ . . . (Melbourne, 1954).

Advice on how to attain the happy life ran the gamut from pathos to raucous humor:

When you are in the tub
Thinking of your troubles
Swallow half a cake of soap
And keep on blowing bubbles. (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954)

Other light admonitions went: When you are up to your neck in hot water/ Be like a kettle and sing. (Melbourne, 1954); There's music in a jam tin/ There's music in a pail/ There's music in a tom-cat/ If you'll only pull his tail. (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954); and There's music in a scrubbing brush/ There's music in a nail . . . (Melbourne, 1954).

First lines of somber advice ran: Never trouble trouble/ 'Til trouble troubles you. (Perth, 1955); Do the work that's nearest/ Though 'tis dull the while/ . . . (Melbourne, 1954); Three little rules we all should keep/ To make life happy and bright/ Smile . . . (Melbourne, 1916); 'Tis more to be good than to be great, dear/ To be happy is better than wise/ . . . (Melbourne, 1918); Be always honest, upright, true/ In everything you say or do. (Melbourne, 1908 and 1954).

Verses of personal tribute were more prevalent in the old albums than in the current ones examined. One such rhyme of 1911 vintage surviving in a Melbourne album in 1954, read:

There be none of beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.

Other personal tributes started: Here's to the rose that blooms alone/ Pluck it and call it thine own/ . . . (Melbourne, 1911); and to Stewart/ You are sweet/ . . . (Melbourne, 1908).

Vows of love, loyalty and devotion were usually pledged lightly:

If e'r I go to paradise
And do not see your face
I'll pick up all my valuables
And seek the other place. (Melbourne, 1909)

Similar verses ran: I wish I were a little duck/ Swimming upon the lake/ . . . (Melbourne, 1911 and 1954); They tell me 'tis a sin to love/ I never asked them why/ But if I sin in loving you/ I'll sin until I die. (Bowen N. Queensland, 1954); If I were a little bunny/ With a tail of fluff/ . . . (Melbourne, 1951); My heart is like a cabbage leaf/ Divided in two/ The leaves I give to others/ My heart I give to you. (Melbourne, 1954); Some people stick by paste/ Some people stick by glue/ . . . (Melbourne, 1914).

One of the few melancholy vows read:

Flowers may wither
Leaves may die
If others forget you
Never will I. (Melbourne, 1918)

Pleas for remembrances some of which adapted the words of popular songs of the late 1800's and some of which borrowed words and phrases or thoughts from tombstone epitaphs, are the most serious group of all the album inscriptions:

When night pins back the curtain
And pins it with a star
Remember I am still your friend
Although I wander far. (Melbourne, 1954)

"Remember me" or "think of me" are motifs in many verses: Remember M/ Remember E/ Put them together/ And remember ME. (Melbourne, 1952); Remember me now/ Remember me forever/ Remember the time/ At Bellinzona (or another place name) together. (Melbourne, 1909 and 1954). First lines of other verses were: Remember me when far away/ . . . (Melbourne, 1916); Think of me at noon/ Think of me at night/ . . . (Melbourne, 1909 and 1954); Think of me on the river/ Think of me on the lake/ . . . (Melbourne, 1911; Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954).

The perennial flower of remembrance was the forget-me-not:

Your book is like a garden spot
In which I plant the seeds
I plant the seed forget-me-not
Please keep it free from weeds. (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954)

Other forget-me-not verses were: Down in the valley/ Carved on a rock/ . . . (Melbourne, 1911 and 1954); I only want this little spot/ . . . (Melbourne, 1911 and 1954); Three little words/ Forget-me-not/

They don't look much/ But they mean a lot. (Adelaide, S.A., 1955);
and in a lighter vein—Remember me when in the tub/ Remember
me at every rub/ Whether it's wet or whether it's not/ Just lather
away and forget-me-not. (Melbourne 1911 and 1954).

"The golden chain of friendship" was another favorite phrase
which appeared again and again in different formulae.

Two rhymes of the few beseeching remembrance in humorous mood
were: When you are old and cannot see/ Sit on the floor and remem-
ber me. (Perth, 1955); When you see a cat up a tree/ Pull his tail
and think of me. (Melbourne, 1954).

Best wishes verses—little prayers for health, wealth, happiness on
earth and immortality—were usually inscribed in serious mood and
sometimes in stilted rhetoric:

May joy be around thee
Wherever thou rovest
May life be for thee
But one summer day
And all that thou wishest
And all that thou lovest
Come smiling along thy way. (Melbourne, 1920 and 1954;
Brisbane, 1954)

Similar verses began: May trouble follow you always/ But never
catch you. (Perth, 1955); May there be enough clouds in your sky/
To make a glorious sunset. (Melbourne, 1916); May the noontide
of your future/ Be a happy one for you/ . . . (Melbourne, 1954);
Let your joys be as deep as the ocean/ . . . (Melbourne, 1918); Oh,
how I hope the road life/ That lies ahead of you/ . . . (Melbourne,
1954).

The favorite wish for life after death, dated Melbourne, 1920 and
1924; and Brisbane, 1954, went:

When your life on earth is ended
And your pathway here is trod
May your name in gold be written
In the autograph of God.

Best wishes for a good life before the grave (as well as after) read:

Beefsteak when you're hungry
Champagne when you're dry
A fiver when you're stony broke
And heaven when you die. (Melbourne, 1916)

From Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954, came: Potatoes when you're hungry/ Champagne when you're dry/ Sweetheart when you're in love/ And heaven when you die.

Similar verses of best wishes in rollicking mood ran: All through life/You'll need an umbrella/ May yours be upheld/ By a handsome young fellow. (Melbourne, 1951); Margaret now/ Margaret forever/ Wingrove now/ But not forever. (Melbourne, 1951).

Laments were few. One found in albums in Melbourne, 1917, and in Perth, 1955, read:

True friends are like diamonds
Precious and rare
False friends like autumn leaves
Found everywhere.

Brief tales of nonsense, more than sense, meant only to entertain were peopled with sundry characters of the animal and vegetable kingdom. Some rhymes were far-fetched parodies; other closely kin to printed words. A long one went:

He was teaching her arithmetic
He thought it was his mission
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice
He said, "Now that's addition".

The second stanza dealt with subtraction; the third with long division when "Pa came home". (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954). And one of the briefest tales was:

Gentleman's definition of a ladies' afternoon tea—
Gibble, gabble, gobble, git. (Melbourne, 1921)

Additional abbreviated stories were: Little boy/ Crossing the street. Motor car/ Sausage meat. (Melbourne and Perth, 1954); Little boy/ Green plum/ One gulp/ Aching tum. (Perth, 1955); Shark in bay/ Bathing figure/ Figure gone/ Shark bigger. (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954).

Violent death or physical discomfort was the visible fate or album verse characters:

A man stood on the railway line
He heard the engine squeal
The guard took out his little spade
And scraped him off the wheel. (Perth, 1955)

In Brisbane, 1955,—A peanut sat on a railway line/ His heart was all a flutter/. . . ; and again in Perth, 1955—Ooey, Gooey was a worm/ . . . He stood upon a railroad line/ . . . ; My Bonnie leaned over the petrol tank/ Its wonderful contents to see/ I lit a match . . . (Perth, 1955); Little Willie in the best of sashes/ . . . (Melbourne, 1954); Little Johnny for a lark/ Shot his nurse while in the park/ . . . (Perth, 1955); Dear little Emily rose/ . . . tack . . . chair/ . . . Emily rose (Melbourne, 1954); I had a little dog/ And I called him Tim/ . . . (Melbourne, 1954); There was a little girl in Fiji/ She climbed a coconut tree/ . . . (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954); Away down south where palm trees grow/ An ant stepped on a elephant's toe/ . . . (Melbourne, 1954); It was a cold and wintry night/ A man stood in the street/ His aged eyes were full of tears/ And his shoes were full of feet. (Melbourne, 1911); Tiddley Winks the barber/ . . . The razor slipped/ . . . (Perth, 1955).

Album characters with less tragic ends found themselves in uncomfortable (and therefore ludicrous) situations:

The lightning flashed
The thunder roared
The powers of earth were shaken
The little pig rolled up his tail
And ran to save his bacon. (Melbourne, 1916)

And: When Moses was a little boy/ And hankies weren't invented/ He blew his nose on a cabbage leaf/ And ran away contented. (Brisbane, 1954); Helen stood in the bathroom/ And piteous was her cry/ . . . The towel got in her eye. (Brisbane, 1954); Mary had a little lamb/ She taught it how to sing/ . . . (Brisbane, 1954); There was an old tom cat/ That ate tin cans/ . . . kits/ . . . Ford sedans. (Melbourne, 1954); The rabbit has a shiny nose/ . . . (Melbourne, 1954); Margaret had a pussy cat/ . . . (Melbourne, 1954).

The contrived paradox—the deliberate non sequitur—was a favorite literary tool of Australian children, not only in albums but in other play jingles:

One fine day in the middle of the night
Three dead men got up to fight
Three blind men to see fair play
And three dumb men to shout hooray. (Melbourne, 1954)

And from Brisbane, 1954: I went to the pictures tomorrow/ And bought a front seat from the back . . . ; from Perth, 1955: An ele-

phant is a dainty bird/ It flits from bough to bough/ It lays its eggs
in a peanut shell/ And whistles like a cow.

Some of the narrative rhymes were little more than character
sketches:

The school master is a good old chap
He goes to church on Sunday
And prays to God to give him strength
To whack the kids on Monday. (Perth, 1955)

Taunting rhymes (some twenty in number) teased or expressed
personal derision or group animosities:

God made Glenys
Sitting on a fence
Poor old Glenys
Had no sense. (Melbourne, 1954)

Similar rhymes read: Margaret and a monkey/ were sitting on a fence/
... (Melbourne, 1954); Pamela is your name/ Mt. Lawley is your sta-
tion/ You go to school to act the fool/ And that's your education.
(Perth, 1955); Glenys is her name/ Single is her station/ Heaven
help the poor old bloke/ That makes the alteration. (Melbourne,
1954); When Margaret was a little girl/ It was joys, joys, joys/ ...
/It's boys, boys, boys. (Melbourne, 1954); If all the boys lived across
the sea/ What a good swimmer——, you would be. (Perth,
1955 and Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954).

Rhymes showing race antipathy were reported from Northern
Queensland, Perth and Melbourne. Miss Heather Giffin, schoolmis-
tress, wrote: "There are many dark children in this area (Bowen, N.
Queensland) mostly descendants of the Kanakas, imported from the
Pacific before the 'White Australian Policy' to work the sugar cane
fields." The Australian aborigines belong to the black race but I
heard them called "Blacks" rather than "Niggers" by adults and by
children: God made little nigger boys/ He made them by a fence/ He
made them in a hurry/ And forgot to give them sense. (Bowen, N.
Queensland, 1954); God made little nigger boys/ He made them in
the night/ He made them in a hurry/ and forgot to make them
white. (Bowen, 1954; Melbourne, 1954; Perth, 1955); God made
little Indian boys/ He made them in a hurry/ He forgot to put the
whitewash on/ And dipped them in the curry. (Melbourne, 1954).

Representative rhymes showing national animosities were: English
in the teapot/ Germans in the spout/ English got their steam up/
And kicked the Germans out. (Melbourne, 1954; Perth, 1955); Aus-

tria was Hungary/ Ate a bite of Turkey/ Long-legged Italy/ Kicked poor Sicily/ Into the Mediterranean. (Melbourne, 1954).

Verses of protest indicated a strong Puritan tradition in Australian society. Profanity, elementary physiology, biology, anatomy (or exhibitionism), standards of elegance and sobriety furnished the material for most of the protests against adult mores. (One rhyme, Perth, 1955, was a protest against the social order: Australia is a free land/ Free without a doubt/ If you haven't got a dinner/ You're free to go without.

Of some fifty album rhymes of protest, (taboo subjects), fifteen included the world-known four-letter Anglo Saxon words. Of the other thirty-five, the greatest number dealt with exhibitionism; next, inelegant sounds and ideas; third, physiological subjects; fourth, profanity; and fifth, biology.

One favorite exhibitionist rhyme with several versions, ran:

Dainty and fleet, the maiden sweet
Was doing her light fantastic
When she suddenly tore to the dressing room door
You can never trust elastic (Brisbane, 1954)

Similar versions were reported in Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954, and Melbourne, 1954, where the last line read: You can't trust Coles' elastic. (Coles is the name of a chain store in Australia). Other verses on the subject were: I saw her in the ocean/ I saw her in the sea/ I saw her in the bath tub/ Oh—excuse me. (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954); A little boy/ Climbed a tree/ Tore his pants/ R, I, P. (Melbourne, 1954); The night was dark and stormy/ The billy goat was blind/ He ran into a barbed wire fence/ And scratched his—never mind. (Brisbane, 1954; a similar verse was found in Melbourne, 1954).

Inelegant verses ranged from mild to morbid; Mr. Brown went to town/ With his britches upside down. (Perth, 1955); Oh Mother, what is that awful mess/ That looks like strawberry jam/ Hush, hush, it's your Father/ Run over by a tram. (Melbourne, 1954). Apparently, Australian children, as well as American youth, have been taught that the word "belly" is inelegant: Johnny ate jam, Johnny ate jelly/ Johnny went home with a pain in his———. (Perth, 1955); Mary had ice cream/ Mary had jelly/ . . . (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954); A little green snake/ Ate too much cake/ . . . belly ache. (Melbourne, 1954).

The excretory processes of little animals posed a problem for human beings in numerous album rhymes. One (reported from Bowen, Northern Queensland, 1954, a small seaport town where the climate

is tropical and where, as Miss Heather Giffin wrote, "The flies are bad, especially after rain and many houses are not gauzed in") read:

Little bees make honey
Little boys can sing
But all that little flies can do
Is———on everything.

Other rhymes on the same subject ran: Mary had a little lamb/ She locked it in the closet/ When she took it out to play/ It left a small deposit. (Perth, 1955); Little birdie flying high/ Dropped a message from the sky/ As the farmer wiped his eye/ He said, It's a good thing cows don't fly. (Melbourne, 1954; Perth, 1955); I wish I had a million bricks/ To build the chimney higher/ To stop the neighboring tomcats/ from putting out the fire. (Melbourne, 1954); Fat and Skinny went to dance/ Fat fell down and wet his pants. (Melbourne, 1954).

Profanity, skirted by euphemism, rather than stated was favored in some rhymes: Said the toe to the sock/ Let me through, let me through/ Said the sock to the toe/ I'll be darned if I do. (Melbourne, 1954; Perth, 1955); There was a little minister/ Of children he had seven/ He hired a little donkey/ To take them all to heaven. The second stanza read: The path was rough and stony/ He did not know it well/ The donkey tripped and stumbled/ And all went down to—hell. (Perth, 1955).

Taboo biology in album rhymes—the printable ones—was mild: I love you, I love you, I love you almighty/ I wish your pajamas were next to my nightie/ Now don't be mistaken and don't be misled/ I mean on the clothesline and not in your bed. (Melbourne, 1954); In a crowded igloo/ Without any doubt/ It's those who wrigloo/ Get put out. (Melbourne, 1954).

Rhymes of wisdom were written by wag sage and preacher, in sanctimonious, profane or ribald mood. Of more than forty formulae in this category, two-thirds were inscribed by wags:

A tablespoon's a clumsy thing
A teaspoon's far the neater
But of all the spoons that I like best
A sofa spoon's the sweeter. . . (Melbourne, 1915)

The happiest days of my life
Were spent in the arms of another man's wife—
My Mother. (Melbourne, 1918; 1954)

Other wags wrote: The devil made the north wind/ To blow the

skirts knee high/ But God was just and made the dust/ To blind the bad man's eye. (Melbourne, 1916); Needles and pins/ When a girl marries/ Her trouble begins. (Melbourne, 1951); Little bits of powder/ Little bis of paint/ Make a girl look pretty/ When she really ain't. (Perth, 1955; similar versions, Melbourne, 1911 and 1954).

Juvenile sages in Melbourne, 1911 and 1912, wrote:

Many a ship was lost at sea
For want of tar and rudder
And many a girl has lost her boy
For flirting with another.

and: Cash governs the house/ That is the usual plan/ Man governs the cash/ The woman governs the man/ The wife governs the child/ And teaches it how to trot/ So when you come to reckon it up/ The woman governs the lot.

Most (not all) of the sermons were preached in serious mood:

The tiniest bird builds near the ground
The sweetest flower springs low
And we must stoop for happiness
If we its worth would know. (Melbourne, 1918)

When the great scorer comes
To write down your name
He'll write not what you've lost or won
But how you've played the game. (Perth, 1955)

A corkscrew drowns more people
Than a cork belt saves. (Melbourne, 1910)

Tricks, rhymes and formulae employed drawings, symbols, numbers, objects and the old favorite upside-down trick:

When on this page you look
When on this page you frown
Think of the girl who spoilt your book
By writing upside down. (Melbourne, 1911; 1954)

Two in a hammock
Enjoying a kiss
All of a sudden
They ended like **SIHL** (Melbourne, 1918; 1954)

Inscriptions using letters, numbers or symbols were: YY's U. R/ YY's U, B/ I, C, U, R/YY's, 4me. (Melbourne, 1954; Perth, 1955); 11 was a race horse/ 22 was 1,2/ 11, 1, 1 race/ 22, 1, 1, 2. (Brisbane, 1954); Dear 1/. I will meet you at the 5/ Hotel, love, ld.—which should be read: Dear Bob (slang for shilling), I will meet you at the

Crown Hotel (five shillings is equal to a crown in English money), love, Penny. (Perth, 1955).

Formulae using drawings were: My heart pants for you—Pictures of a heart, pants, and the number 4 substituted for the words—(Melbourne, 1954; Perth, 1955); Adam and Eve's washing day—and underneath the words was drawn a straight line with two triangles attached, points down, (presumably fig leaves). (Bowen, N. Queensland, 1954); Don't be sharp/ Don't be flat/ Be natural—with music staff and symbols substituting for words. (Melbourne, 1954; Perth, 1955).

One trick inscription, followed by a safety pin pinned to the page read: Pal of my cradle days—(Perth, 1955).

Apology rhymes apologized for poor pen, poor penmanship and poor thinking: Excuse the writing/ Blame the pen/ Love the writer/ Amen. (Melbourne, 1954); I thought and thought and thought in vain/ And then I thought I'd sign my name. (Melbourne, 1911 and 1954); I picked this page/ Because it's blue/And all the time/ I'm thinking of you. (Perth, 1955); This book is like a garden patch/ Where any good rooster may have a good scratch. (Melbourne, 1954).

Fly-leaf rhymes were owner-inscribed:

If this book should chance to roam

Box (or smack) its ears and send it home. (Melbourne, 1954;

Cover rhymes were dares and answers to dares; and were inscribed in very small letters very close to the edge of the inside covers. The dare read:

By hook or by crook

I'll be first (or last) in your book. (Melbourne, 1908 and 1954;

Two answers to the dare (from Melbourne, 1954) read:

By hell or by fire

I'll prove you're a liar.

By eggs or by bacon

You're sadly mistaken.

Two answers (from Perth, 1955) read:

By door or by sill

I'll be darned if you will.

Not so my friend

I'm at the end.

*State Teachers College
Frostburg, Maryland*

FOLK MUSIC: SOME PROBLEMS AND COMMENTS

by
John Satterfield

PROFESSOR BERTRAND H. BRONSON's perceptive and appreciative review¹ of Dr. Jan P. Schinhan's editorial work on *The Music of the Ballads* was in accord with grateful essays of praise written by others. One can hardly doubt the wisdom of these statements from the review:

Professor Schinhan's book is the first extended effort we have seen in this country to go beyond the mere identification of scale in the analysis of Anglo-American folk-song. This is tantamount to saying—and the point must be stressed—that the conventions and rules of procedure in such analysis are yet to be fixed and agreed upon; and that Professor Schinhan's methodology, if it stand the test of general convenience, may become a norm for subsequent works in this field—reinforced as it soon will be by the companion volume of music for the North Carolina folk songs. It is thus of considerable importance to recognize the gravity of the present occasion.

This is a very high tribute to Dr. Schinhan, and naturally a colleague with the interests and knowledge Professor Bronson is known to possess should be concerned that a methodology which may be accepted as a norm for the analysis of folk music be nothing less than the best. Certain reservations occurred to him, and since he put his "observations so far as possible in the form of queries," Professor Bronson quite literally asked for replies. "Replies" is too pretentious a word for what the present paper attempts to provide, but it is hoped that clarification of certain problems may be achieved.

"Why limit," Professor Bronson asks, "the term 'mode,' contrary to all historical precedent, to the pentatonic system?" Since, in his section on scales, Dr. Schinhan clearly refers to modes with the full force of historical precedent operative, the reasons for the question are not obvious. Surely no more traditional uses of the term can be found than in "mediaeval modes," "Church mode known as Ionian,"

¹The *Virginia Quarterly Review*, XXXIV, 3 (Summer, 1958), pp. 474-80. The book discussed is *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*. Vol. IV. *The Music of the Ballads*. Edited by Jan Philip Schinhan. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press, 1957.

"Church mode called Aeolian," and "Dorian mode," etc. The table on p. 361 showing numbers of pieces using certain scalic material includes, under the column title "Name of Mode," Dorian and Mixolydian as well as other varieties not pentatonic. Only three Dorian and twelve Mixolydian tunes were recorded, and this reader assumed, therefore, that Phrygian, Lydian, Aeolian, and Ionian modes—in either authentic or plagal forms—simply were not represented in the Brown collection of ballads.

In an appendix to his book Dr. Schinhan draws on staffs the scalic material of every ballad; nothing could be more specific than the notation itself. The modal names in the table referred to are not, however, equally specific among themselves. Verbalization about folk scales can be made more specific by editors following Dr. Schinhan's plan. The triadic mode, for instance, may be broken into categories dependent upon the quality of the individual triad. Dorian, Mixolydian, and the pentatonic modes, as defined by Dr. Schinhan, refer to scalic arrangements for each of which the informed reader will know the intervals between degrees. He cannot know the size of intervals between degrees of the other modal scales listed, for their names represent more generic classifications. The retention of Dr. Schinhan's general categories of Greek-derived names is perfectly justifiable; the words can be made more specific by the parenthetical addition of interval measurements, as tetrachordal (S T T) or tetrachordal (T T S), S indicating a semitone, T a tone. This or some equally simple system will work well for any collection the pitches of which, with rare exceptions, can be reproduced satisfactorily in our tempered tuning. Collections of more exotic melodies necessarily would require a more involved vocabulary.

Of Dr. Schinhan's modal names heptachordal is perhaps the most generic. Presumably an American ballad of English origin will not use a heptachordal scale that belongs neither to the modal system nor to the tonal system. The heptachordal category contains all the scales in both. Since only Dorian and Mixolydian were set apart by Dr. Schinhan, the heptachordal scales remaining could be assumed not to belong to the modal system. Further, the minor scales likely to be found would not be immediately distinguishable from modes that have respectively the same scalic material. The heptachordal tunes, then, would probably be major (possibly Ionian) in scale arrangement. Upon examining those melodies classified by Dr. Schinhan as heptachordal, it was found that all have the major pattern T T S T T T S with one

exception; number 401, a version of "Young Charlotte," was erroneously categorized and should have appeared as transposed Aeolian, with proper adjustments made in the totals of the appendix's summaries.

Interestingly enough, major quality is almost exclusively used in those tunes recorded by Dr. Brown's singers and classified by Dr. Schinhan as hexachordal. All but two of these melodies have the pattern T T S T T T: number 242, a version of "Charming Beauty Bright," uses the scale T S T T T; number 267, "Lovely Susan," uses T T T S T, but according to the editor's note, it was probably mistakenly transcribed without a key signature, the addition of which would give it the usual major quality of T T S T T T.

Approximately five out of eight melodies called hexatonic by Dr. Schinhan are major in quality, following the pattern T T [ST] T T, the bracketing of S and T indicating a minor third. It will easily be seen that this most frequent arrangement is like a major scale without fourth degree. In the remaining tunes called hexatonic a variety of scale patterns is discernible; categories might simply be made of hexatonic T S T T [TS], hexatonic T T S T [TT], etc. Such specification within the hexatonic family should satisfy Professor Bronson's query concerning the importance of whether the third degree, when present, is major or minor.

For the next smaller scales, the pentatonics, Professor Bronson questions Dr. Schinhan's numbering, asking whether it is not a result of an undefended, arbitrary editorial decision, which needs rational justification. In his Introduction Dr. Schinhan has discussed the problem of numbering the pentatonics; he has pointed to divergences in the practices of various editors and theorists and made a decision to follow those he considered of best repute and widest following, a decision which, under the circumstances, seems neither undefended nor arbitrary.

In his article, "Folksong and the Modes," *The Musical Quarterly*, XXXII, 1 (January, 1946), pp. 37-49, Professor Bronson presented an intelligent and ingenious method for numbering modes. Unfortunately, the insights into the problem that Professor Bronson revealed were at odds with precedents long established in the vocabulary of musical analysis, and it appears that his suggestions have not been generally accepted.

Even with the pentatonics numbered, certain scales of five tones are forced into the class Dr. Schinhan called irrational. Here, too,

the indication of interval arrangement could be of service: if each scale not of the Church modal system nor of the tonal system were given a Greek-derived name showing the number of notes and whether they were conjunct (-chordal or -tonic), and if that name were followed by the interval pattern, the whole category termed irrational could be discarded. Aside from Dr. Schinhan's stated decision to count his scalar material always from the tonal center up, there seems to be no overwhelming reason for calling irrational, for instance, those pentatonic or pentachordal scales which are not anhemitonic.

When Professor Bronson criticizes Dr. Schinhan's use of the word "plagal," he questions in effect several centuries' authors. In regard to range and its relation to tonal center, Dr. Schinhan's abstracted scale for each tune seems perfectly to answer the criticism. But unquestionably a term for scales whose ranges overlap both authentic and plagal octaves should be acceptable to and useful for comparative musicologists.

On the matter of locating tonal center, Professor Bronson's ear disagrees with Dr. Schinhan's "in perhaps four out of five cases." The fairly well musically educated ear of a person versed in modal music and folk practice would, in the opinion of the present writer, concur with Dr. Schinhan's; his equipment, experience, and wide knowledge make Dr. Schinhan perhaps as trustworthy in this particular kind of judgment as any living musical scholar.

Where Dr. Schinhan's formal analyses were made strictly from a musical standpoint, Professor Bronson urges more consideration of text. There is, however, a musical, formal process at work in these tunes which is relatively independent of text, and describing it is a legitimate musicological task, one not less valuable because the form of a given tune may appear differently depending upon the size of the melodic unit used in its measurement.

Musicians and musicologists will doubtless not agree with Professor Bronson that "it would be advantageous to transpose the tunes to a common tonal center," nor will they see any objection to using the sixteenth-note as an integer for the figuring of relative rhythmic weights. Other objections by Professor Bronson are minor, as when he says heptachordal is reserved by Dr. Schinhan for major (or Ionian) tunes alone, but that the other Church modes "are equally heptachordal but are never called so here." This is an oversight, for on p. xxvi of his Introduction Dr. Schinhan says, "... there can be no such thing as a heptatonic scale . . . As he [Dr. G. P. Jackson] himself recognized,

when we deal with genuine Dorian or Ionian, they are without exception *hepta-* . . . Here it should be added, however, that if either of them were *hepta-*, it would be heptachordal and not heptatonic."

It is of very great credit to Professor Bronson that he recognized immediately the importance of Dr. Schinhan's work and saw problems not reported by less conscientious reviewers. One can only agree wholeheartedly with his rich praise of Dr. Schinhan and his belief that *The Music of the Ballads* "may become a norm for subsequent works in this field."

A few small errors in the book are listed here: number 348 lacks an eighth-note value in the second bar of the second staff; number 352 lacks a flat as key signature on its first staff; number 401, as noted earlier, is transposed Aeolian, not "heptachordal"; number 443 lacks an eighth-note value in the last bar of the second staff; number 469, having an F in its penultimate bar, is pentachordal, not tetratonic, or the F is a notational error.

Such minute flaws in no appreciable way detract from the accomplishment that clearly shows Dr. Schinhan to have few peers in twentieth-century American comparative musicology.

Davidson College

LEGENDS FROM LIMA, OKLAHOMA

by Helen Cousins Exum

THE COMMUNITY FROM which these tales were collected has a significant history for those interested in the folkways of America. The village of Lima, Oklahoma, is located in Seminole County, the heart of the Seminole Indian Nation. Lima's early settlers were two groups of Negroes: the "natives" and the "state-raised." Natives were those who were born in Oklahoma and in addition were carried on the tribal rolls of the Seminole Indians. They, like the Indians, were proud of their inheritance of 160 acres of land per person from the government. The state-raised, on the other hand, were "foreigners" who had come from other states—chiefly, North Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Texas—to seek their fortunes in the Indian Territory. The two groups attended the same school but maintained a different church and followed different customs in such things as preparation of food, treating sickness, and burying the dead.

The fusion of these groups as time passed has erased many of the former distinctions, but two institutions of the early days have survived, one from each group. The big Camp Meeting, now ending on the first Sunday in September, used to be climaxed on the first Sunday in August. It was a religious gathering of natives at Scipio Church. A few days before the first Sunday, members built brush arbors (up-right poles to form a large square covered with a roof of branches from small trees) and set up tents for an encampment on the church grounds. Huge quantities of food were prepared and served on tables under the arbors to all comers. While the older folks "raised" hymns and prayed and preached on the inside, the young men raised their spirits on the outside with a Choctaw Indian beer made of hops, yeast, meal, sugar, and some kind of fruit and given the short name "Choc". On Sundays, funerals were preached for all who had died during the year.

The big event of the year for the state-raised, the Singing Convention, has always started on the last Friday of July and ended on the first Sunday in August. At this meeting all of the classes (groups who regularly practiced together) of shape-note singers in the county met to sing day and night from the Sacred Harp song book. They, too, had dinner on the grounds, usually the school yard.

The tales in this article are about representative figures from the two groups mentioned. Richmond Davis, a native, was loved by all who knew him. Robert and Charlie Dunlap, respected leaders of the community, had their Sacred Harp books with them when they arrived from Webster County, Mississippi. The tales about them, with one exception, were told by their children. The exception is from my own experience. The one native tale was told by a friend.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE WITH GOD

The title of this tale is a saying that has circulated in my town for years. At the big Camp Meeting the afflicted among the natives are brought to the church, and money is collected from the congregation for them.

One time at Camp Meeting Uncle Richmond Davis, the church father, was asked to allow an interested friend to make an appeal to the church for a poor, sick, old man. Permission was granted, and the man was brought on a stretcher before the people. He looked very old and weak. He was paralyzed so bad he could not raise hand or foot, and they said he had been that way for years. Then they brought his wife and children up. She was a young woman with a baby in her arms, and she had seven other children. The oldest looked about ten. At this a titter was heard among the women in the front row. Uncle Richmond raised his hand and said sternly, "No laugh, sisters. Nothing impossible with God." Now whenever someone is confronted with an unusual situation, he is likely to repeat these words.

OUR FAVORITE SONG

One of the faithful elders of the Shaw Chapel Presbyterian Church was Robert Dunlap, who also served as superintendent of the Sunday School for many years. I remember the delight we children used to take in asking him to let us sing what we called "Stars in My Crown." We always listened eagerly for the verse:

Oh what joy it will be
When His face I behold,
Living gems at His feet to lay down.

Our superintendent's clear baritone could always be heard above the rest, "Living 'germs' at his feet to lay down." Mother's threatening stares could never stop our giggles.

PA AND THE LANTERN

This story is told by the family of the late Robert Dunlap. It happened in the early days of statehood when many people in Oklahoma were pretty wild, and the more sober were cautious about venturing out after dark. Pa, as his family called him, was extremely cautious. He had eight daughters and he guarded their virtue zealously.

Whenever Pa's daughters went to church or anywhere else at night Pa went along. If the boys wanted to walk home with them, Pa went along. He would line them up in pairs; then he would walk up and down the line, swinging the lantern he always carried in great, sweeping arcs. If he saw a boy take a girl's arm, he would say, "Turn her loose, son. She can walk." The village boys got tired of this and decided to put a stop to Pa's patrolling.

One night they caught Pa out by himself. They took good aim and shot out the lantern. Pa lit out for home with shots bouncing at his heels. When he ran in the yard he was going so fast he couldn't come up on the porch; so he yelled to his wife as he went through the yard, "Sylvie, have the door open when I come back!" He circled the house three times before he could slack up enough to come in. Pa never carried a lantern after that.

PA'S PAIL ON THE FENCE POST

Pa was always afraid of robbers and cutthroats. He built a large two-story house for his family, but it had two doors placed close together on the front only. He never had a back door to a house he owned because he said he never wanted more doors than he could guard himself at one time. Shortly after dark he called all his children in and closed the windows and locked the doors, even in the summer time.

One fairly dark night when Pa was making his last check of windows and doors before he went to bed, he looked out of the window and saw a man at the gate. He called to Ma to bring the shotgun. He sat at the window and trained the gun on the man. Meanwhile he ordered his whole family to get up and dress. They all had to come in the front room with him. There was some grumbling, but he told them to be still. There they sat. Occasionally someone would ask if the man had moved. "No," Pa would answer, "but when he does, I'm going to blast his head off!" They all sat quietly through the night until the first light of dawn showed them that whoever slopped the hogs that evening had

left the slop pail turned down on the fence post. Pa was outdone, but he wouldn't ever let on. Ever after when some member of the family gets too positive about anything, he is told that he's looking at "Pa's pail on the fence post."

"HOW BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN MUST BE"

This story was told about Charlie Dunlap, a great shape-note singer and class leader of the Lima Sacred Harp Singers.

After Charlie Dunlap died, his children came from the city to see what disposition they could make of his farm and other property. They agreed to keep the old car for sentiment because their father loved it so. One son, Leonard, stayed on the farm awhile until things were settled.

One day Leonard decided to drive his father's car to town instead of his own. As soon as he turned onto the highway, his father's voice started up a song from the back seat. It was "How Beautiful Heaven Must Be," his favorite song. The singing kept up all the way to town and back, but stopped as soon as he reached home. This occurred over and over again. He never heard the voice when he drove the car around the farm, but as soon as he would head toward town, the singing would begin. When he could stand it no longer he sold the car.

Kentucky State College

SOME ORIGINAL ASPECTS OF THE WISE AND FOOLISH MOTIF IN THE ITALIAN NOVELLA

by Azzurra B. Givens

THIS BRIEF ANALYSIS of two of the many and varied motifs and submotifs of the Italian *novella* intends to focus attention on neglected yet essentially Italian elements in the more universally human concepts of the Italian *novella*.

In studying the influence and fortune of some of the Italian *novellieri* in the various European countries we have noticed that the Wise and Foolish motif, and particularly some aspects of it, have aroused less interest among students of folktales, throughout the centuries, than other motifs. It is our belief that the lesser appeal is due to an intrinsic Italian quality, since translators and adapters often fail to grasp the unfamiliar and "local" wit and humor of the "repartee". We shall examine two groups of short stories with the intent of a better appreciation of what is, in our modest opinion, extremely Italian and therefore common to the Italian people of any section and in any period of Italian folklore.

The challenge is a fascinating one, maybe because we have always felt that out of the hundreds of short stories those using the Wise and Foolish motif represent the truly delightful entertainment of the Italians: the dramatic and romantic tales may have invited the readers to marvel or shed copious tears, the obscene ones may have brought laughter and daring remarks from a gay company of men happily drinking to life in its most earthly form, but to the sharp-witted and sharp-tongued Italian, from the peasant to the man of letters, nothing could be more exhilarating and diverting than the "Beffa" of the cleverminded fellow on some "fool" or the verbal victory of the wise who use a prompt, keen, perfectly fitting answer. The gusto with which this type of story is permeated creates a special "tie" between public and *novellatore*, a very close kinship, and reveals at the same time some of the most characteristic traits of the Italian people.

The first group of three short stories from Bandello's collection illustrates one particular aspect of the verbal retort or repartee based on church or clergy. We should like to point out, at the outset, that

we are sincerely convinced the imputation that Bandello was irreligious¹ in the case of other short stories does not hold true in these, which seem to reveal the real feelings of the Italian Catholics, deeply sure of the trueness and greatness of their faith in spite of any corruption and ignorance of the clergy. There is a ring of sincerity in the words of Bandello's letter of introduction to the tenth *novella*, where he says that ignorant preachers reap only contempt for things of religion;² and in the dedicatory letter of the fourteenth *novella* where he clearly states his conviction that, "the errors sown by Martin Luther had in great part arisen from the indiscreet superstition of many friars and the avaricious greed of certain of the clergy, as well as from the scant provision which had in the beginning been made"³ for them. However we have to admit that Bandello's remarks never reach the tone of real moral indignation and that in spite of such an expression as: "Indeed that which a man saith in the pulpit should be well considered, lest indiscreet preachments bring the word of God into derision,"⁴ or "Pridefulness ill becoming whatever sort of men, as without doubt it doth, meseemeth it sitteth especially ill upon religious persons, it behoving those who make profession of humility to set the world an example of virtuous dealings, and in the contrary case, matter of scandal is given unto Christians,"¹ his interest in the clever repartee is the really important thing. He truly delights in it and in it alone. The first *novella* we present is the tenth of part III: it concerns a monk Fra Bernardino da Feltro who sought to set St. Francis above all the other saints and was ultimately confounded by a student. We give excerpts from it, as well as from the others by Bandello, using the Payne translation.²

"You must know, sirs, that when I was yet a student," Bandello begins in his apparently careless yet so effective manner, and then continues telling us of Fra Bernardino da Feltro, how he had preached in Pavia to "as great a concourse as ever seen in that city" and how on the feast day of our Seraphic Father St. Francis he preached upon the virtues of this saint and his miracles bestowing on him great praises.

In his exceeding fervor he extolled St. Francis above all other saints and martyrs, claiming that he merited a more honoured place

¹IL CINQUECENTO, Storia letteraria d'Italia, a cura di G. Toffanin (Valardi; Milano), p. 220.

²THE NOVELS OF BANDELLO, Englished by G. Payne (London: Villon Society, 1890), V, p. 178.

³Ibid., p. 199.

⁴THE NOVELS OF BANDELLO, V, p. 180.

than they; then in a passionate address to his audience he concluded, "Tell me, my brethren, where shall we set him? Tell me, you gentlemen students who are of exalted understanding, where shall we place this most holy saint?" At this Messer Paolo Taegio, a student of law who later became a famous scholar "weary of the friar's useless and indiscreet babble and belike misdoubting him he meant to put St. Francis above or at the least on a level with the Holy Trinity, rose to his feet and uplifting his settle with both hands, said so loudly that he was heard of all the people, 'Father mine, for God's sake, give yourself no more pains to seek a seat for St. Francis; here is my settle; put him thereon and so he may sit down, for I am off.' And so, departing, he gave occasion unto all to arise also and depart the church; wherefore it behoved the Feltrine to come down from the pulpit, without finding a place for his saint, and return, all crestfallen to San Giacomo."¹

The point we wish to emphasize is already quite evident in this *novella*; the true significance of the saint is not affected by the outburst of Messer Taegio. The conscience of the devout person cannot be offended by it, inasmuch as it is only the expression of that good-natured "chiding" about the superiority of a certain saint to all others which we still find to be such a lively element in the folktales of both rural and urban Italians. The tone and style are very revealing of this particular attitude of the Italians: "Then beginning with the virgins, he ascended to the confessors, the martyrs, the apostles, to Saint John Baptist and other prophets and patriarchs,"² and then the final hilarious touch: "without finding any place for his own saint"³ is truly the work of a *maestro*.

The irritation we feel in the words of Taegio is not against St. Francis: the *poverello* of Assisi has always been very dear to the Italians since his own shortcomings made him a particularly lovable figure, but they dislike the exaggerated praise given him by the ignorant preacher who seeks to prove by the "most effectual arguments"¹ that very holiness which St. Francis had earned with a life of love and charity. This tale ridicules the clumsy and stupid way the preacher

¹*Ibid.*, V, p. 313.

²*Ibid.*, Volumes II and V.

³*THE NOVELS OF BANDELLO*, V, p. 180.

¹*Ibid.*, V, p. 180.

²*TUTTE LE OPERE*, a cura di F. Flora (Mondadori Milano, 1935), Vol. II, p. 309.

³*THE NOVELS OF BANDELLO*, p. 179.

tries to extol the gentle and humble Umbrian monk: "where shall we set thee, O vessel full of every grace?"² Truly clever and befitting is that personal Bandellian touch "weary of the friar's useless and indiscreet babble"³ so that the Catholic-Italian listener will understand the real value and meaning of Messer Taegio's outburst and not be scandalized by it.

The next story brings out a real doctrinal point, the indulgences deriving from certain formal acts instead of from really good and Christian deeds, the point of departure in the Protestant Reformation, and one that Bandello, the ex-monk, felt keenly, as we have already seen. We think, however, that once more the *novellatore* meant to criticize only the conceited ignorance of the Minor Brother who was preaching such a "cock and bull tale," since it is with another invented tale that the fecund Borsello counteracts the effects of the first one in order to erase the foolish and superstitious belief; Bandello was too clever to believe that we would miss this weak element in his story.

This tale which concerns certain ignorant friars and their indiscreet zeal once more brings us to a church, in Milan, again a Minor Brother is preaching to an incredible concourse of men and women, saying this time that Saint Francis had gotten of God the great privilege of lifting from purgatory, once a year, by his rope-girdle, all those who had worn the Franciscan rope in life and of taking them into heaven.

So cleverly did he present his story that many became members of the Franciscan Third Order and wore the symbolic rope.

Toward the end of the Lenten period that year, the plague struck down some two hundred and thirty thousand victims in Milan. When the epidemic subsided, the following Lent another monk was sent to preach, a Dominican nicknamed Borsello, who heard the story of the girdle and immediately felt it was his duty to rid the Milanese of such a peculiar belief.

Thus, preaching one day in the presence of the Duke Ludovico Sforza, then Governor of Milan, and of all the court and nobility of that city, he saw his chance to straighten out such an important matter, and revealed to his audience how he himself, though a Dominican, had been completely won over by the promise of sure salvation through the wearing of the rope-girdle and had obtained special permission by the Pope to wear it.

²*Ibid.*, V, p. 180.

³*Ibid.*, V, p. 180.

Then Borsello went on to tell how one night an angel had appeared to him and led him to an opening where he saw "purgatory and the souls purging in that penitential fire."¹ Shortly afterwards, Saint Francis descended from heaven with his rope-girdle in his hand "You know, my lord, that in the past pestilence there died thousands of persons, of whom the most part, for the Marchegan's preachments, girded themselves with the rope; wherefore Saint Francis found purgatory much fuller than of wont. Accordingly he let down the girdle, to which so many souls clung that being unable to support the weight which dragged him down and feeling his hand already afire, the blessed father, not to fall headlong into that firey torment and make undeserved assay of such cruel pains, relaxed his hold and let the girdle drop, souls and all, into the fire; where it was forthright consumed by the devouring flames like a dry straw."¹

With this vision of burning souls Borsello brought his tale to the inevitable conclusion: he had been charged by the angel to tell the people of Milan the bitter truth, and when "the fruitful and wholesome sermon ended and the people having departed the church, more than seven thousand rope-girdles were found fallen on the floor."²

Both the narrator and the listener know that Borsello too is using a "cock and bull tale," yet they had agreed that "to gain the kingdom of heaven, it sufficeth not to be white, brown, black, blue or whatsoever other colour, but it behoveth to do the will of the Father Eternal and have His Grace, without which none can do aught good or deserving of life everlasting."³ And the concluding remark, "it was deemed of the wise that Borsello had shown good judgement,"⁴ puts them on the same side against the foolish and ignorant friar, ready for the big laugh that will close the argument.

The third story of this motif is much sharper in tone and the verbal repartee would be truly offensive, if Bandello did not mitigate the impact of this blow on a worthy religious Order by putting it in the mouth of a buffoon. Moreover the good deeds of the Carmelites are not questioned or minimized, Bandello insisting, in his dedicatory letter to the Bishop of Lucca, that the brief story "assai ci fece ridere,"¹ made them laugh heartily, nothing else.

¹THE NOVELS OF BANDELLO, V, p. 202.

²THE NOVELS OF BANDELLO, V, p. 202.

³Ibid., V, p. 203.

⁴Ibid., V, p. 203.

¹Ibid., V, p. 203.

In this story² Bandello presents the exceedingly grave question of precedence which arose in Milan, during the reign of Galeazzo Sforza, between the Carmelite Friars and the other religious orders. The Carmelites claimed that a great wrong had been done them in the past, because of the simple humbleness of their predecessors, but that this ought not to prejudice their rights of precedence in any procession, theirs being the most ancient of all the religious orders in the world.

The controversy was referred to the Duke who decided to assemble the heads of all the religious orders in the castle of Milan and have the matter debated there. The moderator was a most learned and impartial legist, Messer Gian Andrea Cagnuola, who turning to the Prior of the Carmelites, asked him how long his order had been extant. The Carmelite answered that it began under Elias on Mount Carmel. "Then," said Cagnuola, "you existed in the time of the Apostles?" "Ay did we, as well, you know," replied the Prior; "nay, we alone were friars in those days, forasmuch as Basil, Benedict, Dominick, Francis and all other founders of religious orders were as yet unborn."³ At this extraordinary claim, Messer Cagnuola asked the Prior to furnish proof of this great antiquity, but before we can even think of the possible answer, comes Bandello's masterstroke: "Now the duke had a very sprightly and perspicacious buffoon, who, hearing this extravagance of the Carmelite Prior, sprang into the midst and said to Cagnuola, 'Domonie doctor, the father saith sooth, for that in the days of the Apostles there were no other friars than the Carmelites, of whom St. Paul writeth, when he saith, 'Periculum in falsis fratribus.' And these are of those false brethren.' All fell a-laughing at the shrewd saying of the buffoon and the Duke, hearing this pleasant trait, commanded that it should be no more spoken of the matter and the ancient customs should be observed; the which was approved of all and the Carmelites went away, jeered by the people."²

It is true that the *novelletta* reflects the jealousies then existing among religious orders, but while their priority in the procession was quite an important point for the Carmelites, to Bandello and his listeners, it only represented laughable matter, this weakness of the "holy

¹TUTTE LE OPERE, Vol., II, p. 420.

²A ready and argute sally of a buffoon, made, in the presence of Duke Galeazzo Sforza, against the Carmelite Friars.

³THE NOVELS OF BANDELLO, V, p. 316.

⁴Ibid., p. 317.

⁵TUTTE LE OPERE, II, p. 421.

ones" making them even closer to the common people, in spite of the closing words: "e i carmeliti se ne andarone dal popolo beffati."³ And the Carmelites went away, laughed at by the populace.

The second motif of our choice is based on a very keen point, seldom detected in the wealth of Italian short stories: the deep pleasure of the *novellatore*, shared naturally by his audience when the cheater is cheated. In the general tradition of the Italian *novella* the story teller, a clever and witty man who has no time to waste on foolish ignorant people incapable of looking after themselves, generally sides with the wise or clever one against the Fool; yet, here and there, as we shall see, there is a reaction against this current, almost like a need to re-establish the balance of values, and this happens when the wise or would-be wise tries to win by cheating.

Thus the following short story, again one by Bandello,¹ shows how the Germans intended to take advantage of the "bona fide" of Pope Julius II by trapping him in two ways: first by obtaining a privilege not given to other Catholics, second by putting St. Martin and Christ on the same level and thus involving a dogmatic point of faith.

To Pope Julius the Second, so goes the story, the Germans presented a petition to secure for the entire German nation a dispensation to eat meat on Saint Martin's day should it fall on a Friday or a Saturday, as is permitted on the day of the Nativity. The Pope, a man of great understanding and clever mind, saw immediately that such an indiscreet demand was intended to equate the festival of a Saint and the celebration of the Nativity of that very Lord who makes the Saints. Nevertheless he did not expressly refuse it, but subscribed the petition with these words: "Be it done as is asked, so but they abstain from drinking wine on that day."² And the Germans desisted from their demand, since they did not wish to give up drinking wine in order to eat meat.

Pope Julius II was of humble birth but of keen mind; he saw the ruse in the apparently innocent request and decided to concede it, but with one provision "Sia fatto come si domanda, pur che quel di si astengano di ber vino."³ So the cheater is cheated, since the concession on the part of the Pope demands a greater one on the part of the Germans and both the story teller and the listeners are thoroughly pleased.

¹THE NOVELS OF BANDELLO, V, p. 316.

²We give here only the part that pertains to our point.

³THE NOVELS OF BANDELLO, II, p. 127.

⁴TUTTE LE OPERE, I, p. 392.

We come now to the last example of our study: this short story, the 174th by Sacchetti, concerning Gonnella, the same tricky, shrewd Gonnella who also appears in one of the *Bandello* tales. The point we wish to emphasize is clearly stated in the words of Mocceca, the buffoon: "Thou knowest that our business is to acquire things pleasantly, not to steal or to take away by force, but only with the owner's consent. Use no fraud or wickedness, but do all thou canst to procure that the things be given unto thee."¹

"The goat went lame till the wolf came!"² is the beginning phrase of the tale from which we learn that Gonnella practised deceit and robbery with profit to himself and loss to others. A remark "And although there are many who laugh at such tales, they would, all the same, rejoice if the fox were caught in the trap for once" gives us at the same time the point of view of the story teller and of his audience, quite effective for our aim.

The tale continues telling of the swindle that Gonnella played upon a Florentine merchant, by forcing him, with the threat of a scandal that would damage his business, to pay fifty florins out of a non-existent account.

Since the "crafty trick" was so successful, Gonnella decided to play it again, in the company of Mocceca, a buffoon friend of his, who hoped to make some gain too. But the second merchant, a smart and cautious man, with the help of two friends, set a trap to pay Gonnella with another kind of money. Leading his friends to the back room of his store, he said to them: "Remain ye here, and when the man cometh for the money I will bring him hither and will say, 'Give that money to this person,' and then ye must spring upon him."¹

So when Gonnella went for "that money" the trap went into effect and Gonnella was paid "in the coin he deserved."²

The experience was such that Gonnella took leave of Mocceca and went back to Ferrara and it was years before he returned to Florence.

Thus Sacchetti brings his tale to a very significant conclusion. "It would be well if a like thing could happen unto all persons who dishonestly ask for that to which they have no right."³

¹*TALES FROM SACCHETTI*, translated by Mary G. Steegmann (London, G. M. Dent & Co.), p. 187.

²*Ibid.*, p. 183.

³*TALES FROM SACCHETTI*, p. 186.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 186.

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 187.

And with the hope expressed in the end by Franco Sacchetti, "Would to God that every cheat were paid as Gonnella here was paid" we shall conclude this brief analysis. Many other stories could certainly be presented to illustrate the aim of our research; we feel, however, that those we have just examined are sufficient to make the topic one of great interest for students of folktales.

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THREE RUSSIAN GAMES AND THEIR WESTERN (AND OTHER) PARALLELS

by Paul G. Brewster

IN THESE TIMES, WHEN even the *folklore* of Russia and indeed that of the whole Soviet Union is either being distorted in order to make it conform to the party line or being replaced by "the folklore of the factory and the mill," that of pre-Revolution days takes on an added significance and importance. Although more Asiatic than European and characterized by a strong strain of mysticism and Oriental imagery (best exemplified in the *byliny* and the *skazki*), the Russian folklore of czarist days was fundamentally not unlike the German, the Greek, or the Swedish. Nothing better illustrates this cultural "oneness" than the games which follow, all of them indigenous and yet all having parallels and analogues in many widely separated parts of the world.*

I

In the game of *Nitocky* (Game of Strings), the players are divided into two groups, one composed of boys and the other of girls. The two groups sit in parallel lines facing each other. One boy takes several strings, holding them at the middle, and gives one end to each of the other players. He also takes an end for himself. Since the strings are twisted together in the middle, no one can tell which boy and which girl hold the same string. The boy holding all the strings now releases his grasp, and each of the girls must kiss the boy holding the other end of her string. The next time it is the boy who must take the initiative. *Nitocky* is sometimes played as a game *per se*, sometimes as a means of pairing boys and girls for another game.

A variant of this game, called *Fant* (Russian "forfeit"), is played by the Cheremis, a Finno-Urgic speaking people of East Central European Russia. The playing of it has been described as follows:

A sheaf, two feet in length, is prepared of stalks of hemp. Women line up on one side, men on the other, then each, at random, grasps the end of one of the stalks. The rope securing the bundle is then cut; as many couples are formed as there are stalks,

*Descriptions of the three Russian games used here are from Z. Kuzela's paper in *Zapisky Naukovoho tovarystava imeni Ševčenko* (Memoirs of the Ševčenko Scientific Society), CXXII (1915), 122-123.

and each man kisses the woman at the other end of the stalk he holds. If chance unites an old woman with a young man or an old man with a young girl, there is much laughter.¹

The Lappish "Thread game" appears to be played only by children. The number of pieces of thread or string used is half that of the players participating, two for each four players, three for each six, etc. All the pieces are held by one of the players, who folds them over at the center so that both ends protrude. Each of the other players then grasps one of the ends and pulls.²

Korean children play a similar game but only to determine who are to be partners. Here, straws are used instead of strings or pieces of thread.³ A method of determining partners sometimes employed in certain American games is that of putting all the boys in one room and all the girls in an adjoining one, slipping lengths of string through the crack of the connecting door, and then having each boy and each girl grasp one end. The door is then opened, and those holding the same string are partners.⁴

II

The game of *Oharčyk* or *Skipky* is that commonly known among English-speaking children as "Jack's alive." When all the players have seated themselves (boys and girls alternately) in a circle, one of the players lights a wooden splinter and hands it to a neighbor, who in turn passes it on to one sitting beside him, and so it continues around the circle. If the flame goes out while a girl is holding the splinter, she must kiss all the boys; if it dies in the hand of a boy, he must kiss all the girls present.

A form of this game is played in Sweden, where it is known as *Liten lefver änn*. The method of playing is thus described:

De lekande sätter sig i ring. En tänder på en trästicka och låter den brinna ett ögonblick. Sedan släcks den, så att det blir en

¹I. N. Smirnov, "Les Tschérémisses," *Les populations finnoises des bassins de la Volga et de la Kama* (trans. and ed. Paul Boyer), Paris, 1898. See also Thomas A. Sebeok and Paul G. Brewster, *Cheremis Games* (*Studies in Cheremis*, VI), p. 57 for a description from Troitskaja's "Čeremis Arbanskoj volosti."

²T. I. Itkonen, "Inarin Tunturilappalaisten Leikkeja," *Kalevalaseuran Vuosikirja*, XX-XXI (1941), No. 20.

³Stewart Culin, *Korean Games, with Notes on the Corresponding Games of China and Japan* (Philadelphia, 1895), p. 52.

⁴Sebeok and Brewster, p. 57.

glödande ände på sticken. Den skickas nu raskt omkring, under det att var och en i tur och ordning säger: "Liten lever än!" Den, för vilken stickan slocknar, får ge pant.⁵

German variants are given by Böhme⁶ and Handelsmann⁷ and Dutch variants by de Cock and Teirlinck.⁸ It is described by Newell under the title "Robin's Alive," and the accompanying verse is given as

The bird is alive and alive like to be,
If it dies in my hand you may back-saddle me.⁹

The Irish form of the game is somewhat more elaborate. When the first player hands the lighted sliver of wood to another, he says, "Here is my little spit." The other asks, "What is your spit worth?" to which the first replies with the following verse:

A live spit, a dead spit,
If my spit dies between your hands
The forfeit will be on you,
A chicken walking the marsh,
Her leg broken and a burden on her.

On completing the last line he quickly passes the sliver to the other player, who repeats the performance. At length the spark dies while the sliver is in the hands of one of the players, and the unlucky

⁵C.-H. Tillhagen, *Svenska Lekar och Danser* (Stockholm, 1949-1950), II, 229. See also A. I. Arwidsson, *Svenska Fornsånger* (Stockholm, 1842), III, 399, and Yrjö Hirn, *Barnlek* (Helsingfors, 1916), pp. 92-95, 372-373. A description given in Herbert Gustavson (ed.), *Svenska Lekar* (Uppsala, 1948), p. 111, No. 160 is practically identical with that of Tillhagen.

⁶Franz Magnus Böhme, *Deutsches Kinderlied und Kinderspiel* (Leipzig, 1924), No. 573.

⁷H. Handelsmann, *Volks- und Kinderspiele aus Schleswig-Holstein*. 2d ed. (Kiel, 1874), No. 35. Both Handelsmann and Böhme call the game *Der Kleine lebt noch*; other names by which it is known are *Fuchsbalg*, *Kleiner Mann*, *Stirbt der Fuchs*, etc. The accompanying verse usually runs:

Stirbt der Fuchs, so gibt der Balg,
Lebt er lang, so wird er alt
Frisst er viel, so wird er dick
Und zuletzt gar ungeschickt.

⁸A. de Cock and I. Teirlinck, *Kinderspel & Kinderlust in Zuid-Nederland*. 9 v. (Ghent, 1902-1908), VI, 255.

⁹W. W. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*. 3rd ed. (New York, 1911), pp. 135-136, No. 76. The "back-saddle" is explained as forcing the unlucky player to lie on his back (*sic*) on the floor and then piling chairs and other articles of furniture on him. The author writes (p. 136): "This game is played all over Europe with similar formulas; but we are not aware that the 'back-saddling' feature has been practised out of England and America." It will be noted, however, that a penalty which at least approximates this is a feature of the Irish game; see Daiken's description below.

one must pay a forfeit. He kneels and rests his head on the bottom of a chair. The rest then place some object upon his back and he must guess what it is. If the object is, for example, a piece of turf but he guesses it to be a bottle, the other players call out, "Stay there, bit of turf, until the bottle comes!" They then continue to add objects until he succeeds in making a correct guess.¹⁰

One Scottish form is practically identical with those usually found in England and America, but a second one is different. Here, a player lights one end of a stick and whirls it about his head while reciting a rhyme. If the spark is extinguished before he completes the rhyme, the turn passes to another player.¹¹

The game appears regularly in English collections. The fullest account of it is that of Gomme, who gives for it the titles "Jack's Alive," "Dan'l my Man," "Robin's a-light," a form which closely resembles Newell's "Robin's alive" and contains the "back-saddling" feature, and "Preest cat."¹² In Denmark it was played as a Christmas game and known as "Don't let my bird die."¹³

A somewhat similar game is known also in Borneo. Players seated in a circle pass a glowing ember from hand to hand, the loser being the player who is holding it when the last spark goes out.¹⁴

Although Kuzela advances no theory as to the origin of the game, Gomme suggests that it derives from the practice of carrying a fiery cross to summon the clans, pointing out that any mishap to the cross would result in unpleasantness for the bearer.¹⁵ However, this theory

¹⁰Leslie Daiken, *Children's Games Throughout the Year* (London, 1949), p. 103.

¹¹Robert Craig MacLagan, *The Games and Diversions of Argyleshire* (London, 1901), pp. 129-130. The game is described also in F. J. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*. 4 v. (Edinburgh, 1860), IV, 317.

¹²Alice Bertha Gomme, *Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland*. 2 v. (London, 1894-1898), I, 256-259, II, 413. See also Iona and Peter Opie (eds.), *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* (Oxford, 1951), p. 227, No. 256. Rhymes, though not descriptions, are given in Norah and William Montgomerie, *Sandy Candy and Other Scottish Nursery Rhymes* (London, 1948), p. 83, No. 118; G. F. Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes* (London, 1892), p. 405; the various collections by Halliwell, and elsewhere.

The last named title, it is explained, derives from a superstition that when a priest's cat died it became a particularly malignant spirit. Hence it was important to keep it alive as long as possible.

¹³H. Refsum, "Om leker, spill og dans, saerlig på Romerike," *Maal og Minne* (1935), p. 71.

¹⁴Charles Hose, *Natural Man, a Record from Borneo* (London, 1926), p. 62.

¹⁵I, 258-259. See also G. L. Gomme, *Primitive Folk-Moots* (London, 1880), p. 279ff.

is untenable in view of the fact that the game appears in areas which know nothing of this kind of summons. Newell finds plausible the suggestion that the game has its roots in ancient ceremonies in which a torch-bearer passed his torch, still alight, to another runner, who in turn passed it on to still another.¹⁶ Bett thinks it "a memory of those early days when fire would be carried from hut to hut, or in some cases from tribe to tribe, by means of a burning brand, and when it was quite a serious mishap to let it die out."¹⁷

III

The game of *Kolodes'* is played by a mixed group, one member of which is the *starosta* or director. One of the other players begins scratching the ground with a stick, at which the *starosta* asks, "What are you doing?" The other replies, "I am digging a well." The questioner then asks, "Of how many cubic *latry*?" The one questioned names a number. At the *starosta's* next question, "When will you dig it?" the other replies "When this girl (naming her) embraces me." When the girl designated has embraced him, she takes the stick and pretends to dig. The *starosta* again demands, "What are you digging?" to which she replies, "A well" or perhaps "A *močilo*" (trough in which the peasants soak hemp or wash their shirts). To his final question, "When will it be finished?" her answer is, "When Ivan (or Vasilij) embraces me."¹⁸

Perhaps the closest parallel to this is a Hungarian spinning-room game described in an earlier paper.¹⁹ In the Hungarian the dialogue runs:

"I've fallen into a well."
 "How many yards deep?"
 "Five (or any other number)."
 "Who should draw you out?"

The first speaker then names the boy (or the girl) desired and receives from him (or her) as many kisses as the number of yards specified.

¹⁶P. 136.

¹⁷Henry Bett, *The Games of Children, Their Origin and History* (London, 1929), p. 75.

¹⁸See also P. Bogatyrev, "Les jeux dans les rites funèbres en Russie subcarpathique," *Le Monde Slave*, N. S. III, 11 (November, 1926), in which it appears as part of an erotic game, *did a baba*, a favorite at the *svičiňa* (gatherings of relatives and friends at the home of the deceased shortly after his death at which time various games of this and other types are played by those present). The game *did a baba* (the old man and the old woman) has as its central figures

a player dressed as a Jewish peddler and another attired as his wife. The former, clad in tattered and filthy clothes and wearing a long beard made of hemp or wool, knocks at the door but is refused admittance. He then insists that he has come on business, that he wishes to buy heifers. Challenged to furnish a *dovolenka* (authorization to buy), he finally produces a dirty scrawl purporting to be a letter written by the minister and bearing his seal. Both he and the *baba* are then admitted, and the latter announces that she is interested in purchasing young bulls. After the two perform an erotic dance in the course of which the *did*, who wears a large wooden phallus, simulates copulation with the *baba*, the former is asked what price he is willing to pay for heifers and terms are agreed upon.

At this point one of the other players, a boy, lights a candle and holds a stick in the smoke of it. While he is blackening the stick, someone asks, "What are you going to cook?" He answers, "A gander." "And when will it be cooked?" asks the first speaker, to which the other replies, "When the grease melts." The next question is, "When will it melt?" which receives the answer, "When that young girl (naming her) kisses the *did*." The girl named must then embrace the disgusting *did*. If she does not, the boy with the stick blackens her with it. While being embraced, the *did* rubs the girl's face with his beard and shakes the piece of wood fastened between his legs. Each of the girls in turn must embrace the *did* and each of the boys the *baba*, who makes obscene gestures to the "young bulls."

The game ends with another dance of *did* and *baba*, in the course of which the other players, laughing, pull off the former's beard and he pretends to cry.

Tennessee Polytechnic Institute

IN MEMORIAM

LOUISE POUND

1872-1958

Louise Pound died at her home in Lincoln, Nebraska, June 28, 1958, after a heart attack, two days before her eighty-sixth birthday. The intervening months provide the perspective to evaluate better her achievements as a scholar, teacher, sportswoman, and good companion; a versatility no less amazing but more understandable now.

The record of her publications—literary, linguistic, folkloristic, educational—was included in *The Selected Writings of Louise Pound* (University of Nebraska Press, 1948), in a twelve-page bibliography. Listed there also are her activities in professional societies and honors therein. During the next decade, however, she contributed articles on language and folklore; she was on the sponsoring committee of the new American Name Society in 1951 and served several years on its board of managers. In 1955 she was elected to the Nebraska Sports Hall of Fame, the only woman on its roster. The climax of her academic career also came in 1955, when she was elected President of the Modern Language Association, the first woman thus honored.

Louise Pound served as an Advisory Editor of *Southern Folklore Quarterly* from 1939 to 1958. She contributed fourteen articles and reviews to the *Quarterly*, three of them reprinted in the posthumous volume *Nebraska Folklore* (University of Nebraska Press, 1959), a collection of sixteen of her studies.

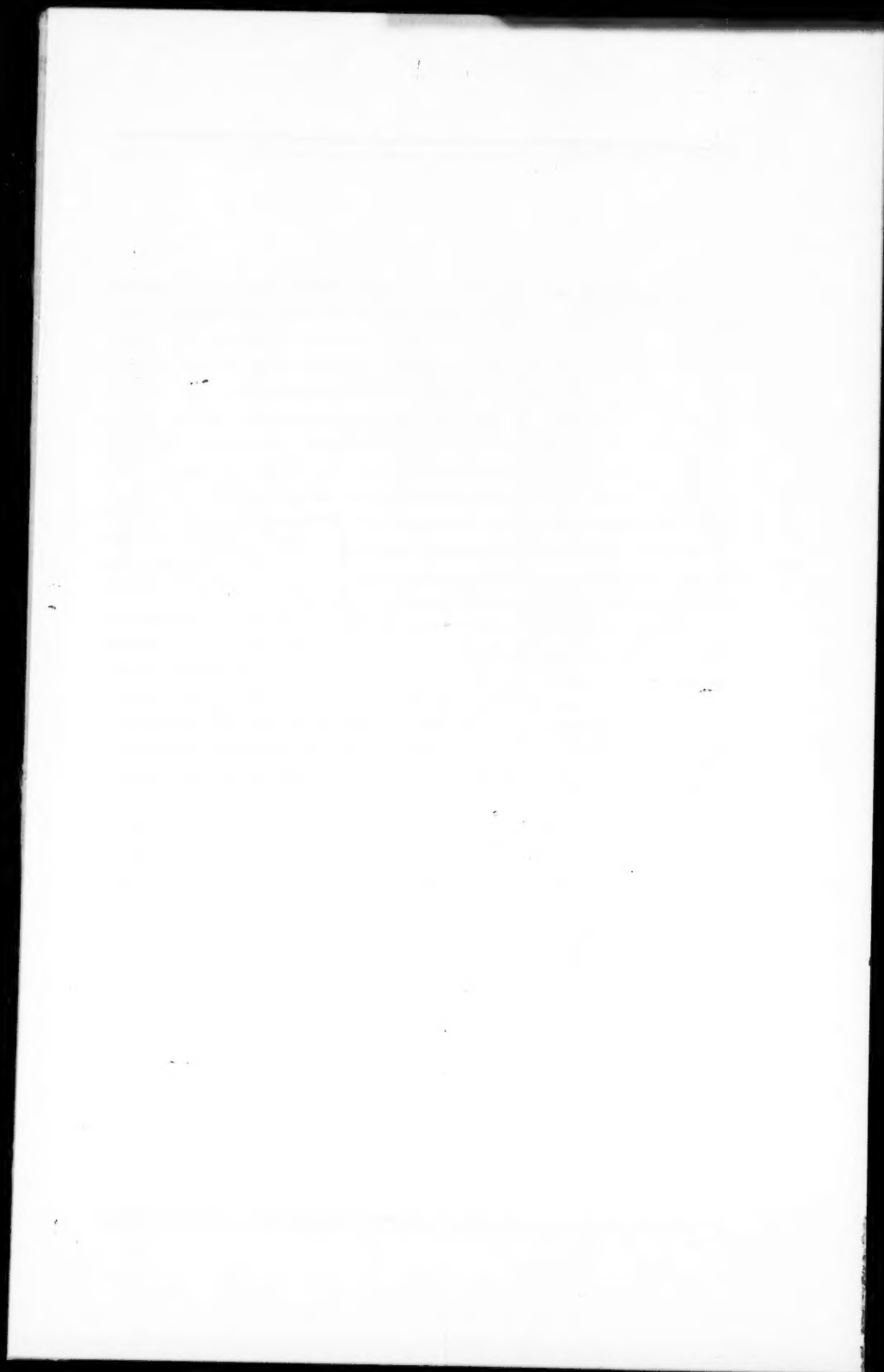
The versatility of Miss Pound is indicated by the entries in the biographical sketch in *Who's Who*. Her many and deep interests are, however, revealed much more clearly by Roscoe Pound in "My Sister Louise," appearing in the *Boston Globe*, June 30, 1957, on her eighty-fifth birthday. Dr. B. A. Botkin's memorial note in *The Prairie Schooner* (University of Nebraska literary magazine), Spring, 1959, "Pound Sterling Letters from a Lady Professor," documents her continuing interest in her former students and her ability to inspire creativeness in others. The letters that came to Olivia and Roscoe Pound after their sister's death are testimonials of the many lives she touched in her fifty years of uninterrupted teaching at the University of Nebraska (she retired in 1945) and summer jobs at the universities of California, Chicago, Columbia, Stanford, and Yale.

Those who knew Dr. Pound only in the last decade or two of her life, after her research had won international fame, may be surprised to learn of her early battling years, when she was pioneering in the teaching of courses in American literature in American universities, and the English language in America—oral, vernacular and traditional. Best known of the controversial subjects was her documented refutation of the communal origin of folk song. Louise Pound was a magnanimous victor.

The Nebraska State Historical Society in Lincoln is the appreciative possessor of the Louise Pound memorabilia. Students of literature and history will find fruitful fields of study in the letters and papers deposited there. Students of human nature will be rewarded by a more complete picture than was possible before of an American woman pioneering in many fields of endeavor and inspiring others to work productively in those fields.

MAMIE MEREDITH

University of Nebraska





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